

Over 725,000 Copies
Sold Every Week
OCTOBER 15, 1952

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE



Special feature: TOYS TO MAKE

**silkie, softer,
MORE Natural
LOOKING CURLS**
that defy dampness, sun,
heat, dryness, cold



A Wave you can Set and Forget

And for very good reasons, too! Only the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has such a gentle, yet effective Creme Waving Lotion... it really does give you softer, more manageable, more natural-looking curls and waves than any other home permanent! And only Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has Neutraliser Booster. This Richard Hudnut discovery not only keeps those exquisitely feminine waves lovelier much longer, but—and this is so important—restores hair to its naturally healthy state, preserves it, cherishes it, gives you curls so soft yet so strong that they come back even prettier after a shampoo! So, for a home wave that's... well, just thrilling... that's as natural-as-can-be, use the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill which contains everything you need except the plastic curlers. At all chemists and selected department stores.



Richard Hudnut
home permanent *Refill*

EASIER! QUICKER!

Richard Hudnut
whirl-a-wave curlers

Home Perming and hair setting take much less time to do with the amazing new, easier, quicker-winding Richard Hudnut Whirl-a-Wave Curlers. Sold separately from Richard Hudnut Home Permanent.



BRING OUT THE **Lovelights** IN YOUR HAIR.

GIVE IT A BEAUTIFUL LUSTROUS SHEEN WITH

Richard Hudnut
egg creme
SHAMPOO

IT'S Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-OZ. BOTTLE

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable, brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

THE HEIRLOOM CLASSICS

This edition is a decoration to any bookshelves. The binding is of linen boards, printed in striking designs of impeccable taste; there are exquisite illustrations in colour, and in black and white.

No gift could be more suitable or more reasonable. Ask to see the full range of titles.

11/6 At all Booksellers **11/6**
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS,
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

October 13, 1952

168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Box 4098WW, G.P.O.

Vol. 20, No. 20

PLANNING A TRUE COMMONWEALTH

A GRIM curtain-raiser to next month's Commonwealth Economic Conference in London is the statement by the British Trade Union Council's president that harder times are ahead for Britain.

In the seven years since the end of the war these warnings have come with monotonous and pathetic regularity.

Everyone is prepared to tell the British that they must work harder, that they must do without a little longer.

The British have tightened their belts so often that they have very little left except backbone.

Surely the time has come to consider something bolder than the borrowing and doing without, the mending and making-do of the past few years.

The Economic Conference next month must face the choice of trying once more to balance the Commonwealth's budget by restrictive financial measures or of adopting a courageous plan of expansion of the resources of the Dominions and Colonies to make the Commonwealth independent of the dollar area.

Such a plan would be no easy way out. It would involve enormous changes and further sacrifices, but it might bring the end in sight.

The countries of the Commonwealth, economically more fortunate than Britain, have become inclined to see themselves as the little Dutch boy with a finger in the hole in the dyke.

What the Commonwealth needs is a new wall, and only the whole Commonwealth can build it.

November's conference may lay the foundations.

The Perons had a pattern for ruthless living

Book review
by AINSLIE BAKER

THE recent death of Eva Peron has, if anything, added interest to the appearance of "Bloody Precedent: The Peron Story," American magazine editor Fleur Cowles' exposure of the Argentine dictatorship.

The author has found a startling counterpart to the characters and political activities of Juan and Eva Peron in Juan and Encarnacion Rosas, who dominated the Argentine between 1835 and 1852.

She also found that books dealing with the dark years of the Rosas' rule had been suppressed in the Argentina of Juan and Eva.

Only a short time after Encarnacion's mysterious death Juan Rosas was overthrown and fled to England, where he died in poverty and exile.

But at the time of her death a period of national mourning was decreed, prayers were immediately begun for the "Woman Unequaled," the "Good Lady," the "Heroine of the Federation." Mandatory religious services were ordered. Rosas newspapers rushed into print with exaggerated tributes. A church, Our Lady of Balvanera, was built in Encarnacion's honor. All this reads strangely like the cabled reports following Eva's death last July.

The writer indicates that it would not be surprising if the historic parallel continued.

Both Encarnacion and Eva, Mrs. Cowles says, were matchless dictator-makers. Both were virtually the inventors of

Our cover:

● Mark Thompson, 10-month-old son of staff photographer Clive Thompson, with his first bubble pipe. His brother Gregory, now aged four years, was also a cover boy at 10 months of age. Gregory posed for our Christmas cover in 1948.

This week:

● Stage pictures on the opposite page were taken especially to illustrate favorite scenes from "South Pacific," at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne. This phenomenal show is still keeping box offices busy in London and New York as well as in Melbourne three years after the opening brought fame to its lyrics, notably "Some Enchanted Evening."

Next week:

● You will see some of the cleverest shots from the Walt Disney film "Robin Hood and His Merrie Men" in two pages of lively color pictures. Never was Sherwood Forest greener or the hideout of Robin Hood's band more picturesque. Handsome ex-paratrooper officer Richard Todd is Robin. His Maid Marian is lovely Joan Rice, whose own life story has much of the quality of a fairy tale.

● Rose fanciers who will exhibit at the Show of Roses and Flower Decorations for the Bush Book Club of N.S.W., at David Jones', Sydney, are anxiously watching opening buds. Preview of the show is on October 20 at 7.30 p.m. It will be opened by Joy Turpin, star of the "Kiss Me Kate" Company, at 3 p.m. the next day. In our next issue we present our own color preview, including before-and-after pictures showing how flowers give life to a room.

● A special feature of summer patterns which are smart but easy to sew will help readers plan holiday clothes. It includes a complete wardrobe of separates, all made from one pattern, and a versatile skirt pattern which has six variations. There are also three mother-and-daughter fashions for the beach.

their husbands, both came to be their rivals, and both were in a sense their masters.

It is an interesting pointer that Peron's official biography, "The Preparation of a Life for Government," stops a year before there was need to mention Evita's name.

Both Juans are shown to be alike in their background, their appearance, their morals, and their politics.

"Encarnacion, like Evita," the author writes, "used marriage to build her own prestige and power. Both Encarnacion and Evita have ranted about the man to whose personal welfare and political and social programmes they dedicated themselves. Each plotted, directed, and policed the public's idolatry."

"Each walked eagerly and fearlessly where their men feared to tread. And each has been cruel, terribly cruel, far crueler than their men ever dared to be or needed to be when they had their women to dispatch the worst vengeance for them."

Mrs. Cowles remembers Peron as attentive, hand-rubbing, and handsome, with the look and manner of a Latin Superman, and a flashing, professionally continuous smile.

She found Evita a woman without intimates, her luxurious apartments (in a city noted for flowerers) flowerless. There were no ashtrays, no books.

The author has done an eminently readable, workmanlike job with fascinating material.

Our copy from the publishers, Frederick Muller, London.

Quote:

The darkly shining salt sea drops
Streamed as the waves clashed on
the shore;
The beach with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.
—John Davidson



Hang "Black Beauty" where it's always handy. You'll be proud to show this flashlight off!

"BLACK BEAUTY"

The most dazzlingly beautiful flashlight you've ever held is produced by

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK

A beautiful flashlight to a man's all that a Paris handbag is to a woman! (Costs much less, too!) A birthday coming up? The Eveready "Black Beauty" flashlight will thrill husband and son. Gleam in black and silver finish, streamlined as no flashlight has ever been streamlined before—built for a lifetime...with a precision-focusing bulb which gives a brilliant arc of light from any distance without a black spot in the centre. On sale everywhere.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES,
BULBS

"Eveready" is the registered trade mark of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd. Rosebery, N.S.W.

On stage with "South Pacific" stars

★ "South Pacific," presented for the first time in Australia at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, by J. C. Williamson Theatres, is one of the most lavish and successful musical stage productions of all time.



"SOME ENCHANTED EVENING" French planter Emile de Roque (Richard Collett) "finds his true love" in Ensign Nellie Forbush (Mary La Roche). They are pictured together in the finale of the first act of "South Pacific."



"HAPPY TALK" Bloody Mary (Virginia Paris) tells her daughter, Lint (Janette Liddell), and Lieut. Joseph Cable, "You got to have a dream. If you don't have a dream, how you gonna have a dream come true?"



"I'M GONNA WASH That Man Right Out of My Hair," sings Nellie Forbush (Mary La Roche) as Ensign Dinah Murphy (Peggy Lefewich) watches her "wash him out, dry him out, push him out, and fly him out" at Billis' Bath Club.



"BALI H'AI may call you any night, any day," Luther Billis (Leonard Stone) finds his own "special island" on forbidden Bali H'ai, in one of the most colorful scenes from "South Pacific." Billis is an instant success with native girls, who shower him with leis and beg him to return. "South Pacific" is adapted from James A. Michener's Pulitzer Prize winning "Tales of the South Pacific." The music is by Richard Rodgers and lyrics are by Oscar Hammerstein.



"HONEY BUN," Ensign Nellie Forbush (Mary La Roche) sings "That's my little honey bun. Get a load of honeybun to-night" to Luther Billis (Leonard Stone), who is dressed as a South Sea island dancer at the Thanksgiving concert organised by Nellie and the nurses. The action of the play takes place on two islands in the South Pacific during World War II. Pictures on this page taken by Ernie Mann, staff photographer. The production was staged by Charles Atkin.

RACE-WEEK FESTIVITIES ...



ENGAGED. Elizabeth Northcott, younger daughter of the Governor, Sir John Northcott, and Lady Northcott, and Squadron-Leader Russell Nash, A.D.C., to the Governor.



DERBY WINNERS. Mr. and Mrs. J. de Blois Wack, American owners of A.J.C. Derby winner Deep River, with Deep River's jockey, Neville Sellwood (left), and trainer Maurice McCarten, celebrated at a party at the Australia after their win. Mr. and Mrs. Wack flew from America.



SMART PUNTERS. Mrs. Douglas Allen (left) and Miss Barbara Knox were early arrivals at Randwick on the first day of the Spring Meeting.



HAPPY COUPLE. Andrew Meagher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael G. Meagher, of Cootamundra, and bride, formerly Jill Creagh, of Faulstich, after wedding at Riverview Chapel.



ENGAGEMENT PARTY. Ken Chapman (right), of Faulstich, and Marilyn McCathie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken McCathie, of Faulstich, are congratulated by Barbara Showers and her fiance, Graham Crouch.



METROPOLITAN DAY. Mrs. Douglas Munro, of "Gundliri," Merriwa (right), and Mrs. John Minter at Randwick. Mrs. Munro wore a suit of toffee-colored checked wool and a white hat and Mrs. Minter wore a tangerine cloche and grey suit.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Donald Cameron, of Wollstonecraft, and his bride, formerly Sylvia Simson, of "Howes Hill," Spring Ridge, after their wedding at Shore Chapel.



AT ST. PHILIP'S. David Boddam-Whetham, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Boddam-Whetham, of Mosman, and his bride, formerly Elizabeth Williams, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, of Cremorne, sign the register.



DERBY DAY. Mr. and Mrs. Neville Body, of "Strathgogie," Glen Innes (left), and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Ross, of "Balacata," Glen Innes, at the Spring Meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Ross stopped in Sydney en route to Adelaide, where Mr. Ross will judge at the Adelaide Show.



CELEBRATION. Dick Harford (left), son of Mrs. George Hawes, of Randwick, and the late Mr. Hugh Harford, and Madeline Archbutt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Archbutt, of Bellevue Hill, with Mr. and Mrs. Grahame Montgomerie at their engagement party.



DINNER-DANCE. Mr. Pat Arnott, of "Coolah Creek," Coolah (left), Mrs. Frank Bragg, of "Rosaire," Aberdeen, Mr. Bragg, and Mrs. Arnott were among the 300 guests at the dinner-dance at the Australia Hotel. The party was the most lavish social event of Race Week. Hostesses were Mesdames Sam Hordern, Keith Mackay, Henry Osborne, Frank Packer, Alan Potter, and Noel Vincent. Many country people, who are in town for the races, attended.



GLAMOROUS COUPLE. Mr. Noel Vincent and his wife, who was one of the hostesses at the dinner-dance. Mrs. Vincent wore a beautiful Jean Dessès model frock of citron chiffon. Many of the flowers which hung in garlands across the ballroom and were massed in the foyer came from the Vincent's home, "Inver-gourte," Exeter. Pink spotlights played over a bank of pink and cream orchids.



HAPPY GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, of "Talbragar," Coolah (left), with Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay, "Melbee," Dungog (right), and Mrs. Mackay's brother, the famous polo player Bob Shaw, who is visiting from America. Mrs. Mackay's frock was of claret and gold brocade, and Mrs. White's white organza frock was appliqued with black lace flowers.



YOUNG TRIO. Sally Tatchell (left), Leslie Walford, and Desiree MacArthur arrived with a party of young people. Younger guests dined in the ballroom, and their elders in the dining-room at the Australia Hotel.



CHAIRMAN of the A.J.C., Mr. Alan Potter, with one of the hostesses, Mrs. Henry Osborne, at the dinner-dance.



YOUNGER SET. Mick Bowman, of Singleton, Robin Linsley, of Murrumbidgee, Sue Macintyre, of Muswellbrook, and David Bell, of Coonabarabran, were among the country guests at the dinner-dance. Robin's frock was of white embroidered tulle and Sue wore a green tartan stole over her pearl-grey lace frock.



FOURSOME. Mrs. John Gunning (left), Mr. Dick Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Rudi Mueller enjoyed supper at the Naughty 'Nineties "Night in Montmartre" under one of the gaily striped awnings which decorated the ballroom.



COLORFUL COSTUMES were worn by Mrs. Sam Stening (left), who was dressed as a Paris belle, Mrs. Lionel McFadyen as a French matelot, with Dr. Sam Stening at the "Night in Montmartre" at the A.C.J. Ballroom.



NIGHT IN MONTMARTRE. Mr. W. J. Smith, as the Mayor of Montmartre, with Rhonda Miller (left), Maris Maddox, Dinah Cullen, and Sue Gidley King, who were Parisian chorus girls, at Naughty 'Nineties "Night in Montmartre."



Cotton-on to harmony —

dress, and look, the part! Cotton-on to all the joyous possibilities of Summer Breeze, one of the most versatile of all the fascinating Caesar Fabrics . . . a fabric that makes your gad-about dress quite as chic for evening wear, and your sweet and girlish dance outfit as suitable down on the farm as in town. This season the call is to cottons—in riots of colour, or in demure white. Shrinkproof and tubbable, Summer Breeze provides dream garments for every occasion to make a girl of any years look crisp and cool and sweet.

Summer Breeze

A CAESAR



FABRIC

A Mile of Value in Every Yard

Mr. Parkinson builds his round house



EXTERNAL VIEW of "La Ronde" shows Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson by the window of the main bedroom. On the right are the front porch and front door. The brick ridge at the base of the roof is for the guttering. At left are the second bedroom window and ramp to the back door. Protruding bricks in the dome for the plasterer's scaffolding will be broken off.

Retired builder gives his wife credit for unusual "igloo" design

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Parkinson, of Ajax Street, North Wollongong, N.S.W., who have designed and built a five-roomed, hemispherical, all-brick home, claim that it cost £1000 less than a brick cottage of the same size.

The Parkinsons have christened their brain child "La Ronde."

THE Parkinsons believe that their house is the answer to the problem of building cheap permanent homes.

Mr. Parkinson, who before his retirement two years ago was one of Wollongong's best-known builders, is no longer interested in building circular houses.

"I just wanted to put our idea across and to prove it could be done," he told me. Mr. Parkinson insists that the idea of the house was as much his wife's as his own.

"She has always been the ideas woman in my business," he said. "I just had to say whether her ideas were workable or not."

Mr. Parkinson said that already numbers of architects and builders have been to look at "La Ronde," which stands on a block of ground at Unanderra, three miles out of Wollongong.

Sightseers come in droves to see the house, which looks like a fort, an igloo, a brick kiln, or a beehive.

Mr. Parkinson was laying the last few bricks of the 26,500 of which "La Ronde" is built when his wife took him to Unanderra for a tour of inspection.

At first sight the building is certainly a shock to every conventional idea of what a house should look like.

The Parkinsons themselves are quite aware of the effect it

has on the uninitiated and are quick to explain the reason for "La Ronde's" existence.

It all started when Mr. Parkinson retired. He and his wife bought a caravan and took to the road for a 12 months' holiday.

"As we travelled we spent quite a lot of time thinking about new ideas for houses," Mrs. Parkinson said.

"Then one day in Bundaberg in Queensland we had a brainwave from looking at the curved roof of our caravan."

"After that we couldn't get home fast enough to put our plan into action."

After months of battling the local council passed the plan. Last May Mr. Parkinson started laying the foundations.

From the outside "La Ronde" looks rather small, but its appearance is deceptive. When the Parkinsons took me to the front door the spaciousness of the five-roomed interior came as a surprise.

The front door opens straight into the three-sided living-room which measures 21 feet 6 inches along the curved side and 15 feet 6 inches along each of the two internal walls.

In the right-hand wall of the living-room are two doorways. The first leads into a fair-sized kitchen and the second into a wide hall which runs off at right angles to the wall and extends to the back door.



INTERIOR VIEW from the living-room to the back door. Mrs. Parkinson is standing at the kitchen window; doors to the two bedrooms are on the left.

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

On the left-hand side of the passage there are two bedrooms. The main one measures 24 feet 6 inches along the curved wall. The other two walls measure 18 feet 6 inches and 15 feet.

The second bedroom—"for the grandchildren when they come to stay"—is slightly smaller.

On the right-hand side of the passage are two large alcoves in which floor-to-ceiling cupboards for linen and brooms will be built. At the end of the passage, also on the right, is the bathroom.

All the rooms are three-sided, except the kitchen, which has four walls—the curved outer wall, and three internal walls shared with living-room, hall, and bathroom.

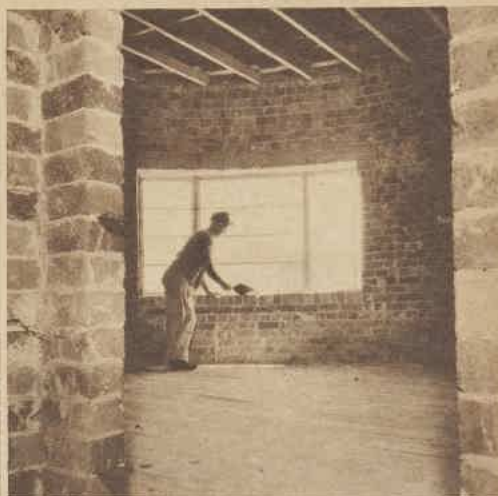
All the walls are nine feet high. The external walls of the house are nine inches thick and the dividing walls four and a half inches thick.

"La Ronde" is built on a 32 foot diameter, with an area of approximately nine "squares."

"It means a tremendous saving in carpenter's wages, timber, and tiles," Mr. Parkinson explained. "The only wood in the basic structure is in the floor and ceiling. The window frames are steel and the brick roof does away with expensive tiles."

"Because of the curved outer walls, the ceiling area is smaller than the floor area, meaning another saving in materials."

"La Ronde's" ventilation system is novel. An air vent in the centre of the domed



TROWEL IN HAND, Mr. Parkinson stands at the window of the main bedroom. The room is three-sided, with outer curved wall and two straight internal walls.



DESIGNERS of "La Ronde." Mr. and Mrs. Albert Parkinson, outside their new home. Mr. Parkinson, a retired builder, of North Wollongong, N.S.W., is 68; his wife is 65.

roof will allow the air to circulate in the space between roof and ceiling and will be distributed throughout the house by further vents.

The laundry is in the garage behind the house.

Mr. Parkinson believes that his house will last.

"I don't think there will be much deterioration in 100 years," he said. "The weather won't affect it. Wind and hail can't damage it. It is impossible for the walls to crack because all the weight is evenly distributed round the circumference. And it's fireproof."

"A man from North Queensland who was here the other day said it would be just the thing for the cyclone area up there," Mr. Parkinson added.

Looking at "La Ronde" from the outside I noticed that some of the bricks in the roof were protruding at intervals and, like a novice, asked what they were for.

"Oh, those are for the birds to sit on," they said straight-faced. "Otherwise they would slip off the round roof."

The real explanation, of course, was that the bricks

were there for the plasterer's scaffolding and would be broken off when the plastering was finished.

"La Ronde" looked pretty bare when I saw it. When finished, it will have cream cement-plastered walls and a mid-blue roof. Inside the rooms will be plastered deep cream, with sky-blue ceilings.

A hot-water system in the roof will supply both kitchen and bathroom. Most of the furniture will be built in. The floors will be sanded and covered with rugs. Wall-to-wall carpets are wasteful in "La Ronde."

The Parkinson partnership is an enviable one. They were married in Sydney 43 years ago. He was a young York-shireman and she a Victorian girl.

When Mr. Parkinson speaks to his wife he always calls her "sweetheart." She told me he has done this ever since they met.

"It's a bit embarrassing sometimes in front of strangers," added Mrs. Parkinson with a smile. "But I can't stop him."

Sleeping Beauties by Lustre



Such lingerie as dreams are made of! Silken smooth Velvarey, blossoming in the delicate flower shades of peach, honeysuckle, lilac and white rose. Nightgowns that sweep in graceful folds, luxuriously frothed with lace. Pyjamas with a piquant lacy femininity of their own. Slimly tailored slips, scanties, vests, pantettes... lovely with lace... and lovely because they're Lustre!



Lace trimmed slip in peach and white rose. Also waist slip.



Bra-top vest and scanties with lavish trim in peach and white rose.



Slim tailored pantettes with delicate lace trim in peach and white rose.



A lavish and lovely night gown in enchanting flower pastels — lilac, honeysuckle, peach and white rose.



Waking or Sleeping...
you're lovelier in Lustre

The Cairns Show



REWARD. Barbara Lewis, of Enmore Estate, Cairns, gives her pony, Playbox, an apple as a reward for winning ribbons at the Cairns Show. Barbara won the best local girl rider award. She is considered one of the best young horsewomen in the district.

● Cairns, one of the main cities of northern Australia, is noted for its annual Show, voted by Queenslanders "the best and biggest in the North."

NEARLY everyone in Cairns is Show-minded. Each year the friendly little North Queensland city goes gay for the big event, and outback cattle-station owners and their families travel hundreds of miles to join in what amounts to a week of carnival.



TRICK RIDERS Buddy (left) and his father, Dan Crotty, take a bow with their mounts, Trixie and Silver, after their display of trick riding. They are popular with Show crowds.

The Show is open for three days and three nights.

Other attractions in Show Week are the races, the rodeo held at Mareeba, about 50 miles from Cairns, and the Show Ball.

Cairns Show is better known than any other outside the main centres in Australia—mainly because the Australian high jump record for horses has been broken there so often.

Record-breaking jumps are now regarded as almost routine by local people.

The world-record high jump has been accomplished on this Showground no fewer than three times. The present world record of 8ft. 6in. was put up there by Gold Meade in 1946.

With its population of 18,000, Cairns is the centre and port for some of the best agricultural territory in Australia.

Sugarcane is easily the largest industry, bringing over £2,500,000 to the district each year. Over the last decade or so, the tourist trade in the district has expanded rapidly.

The Showground itself is prettily situated among emerald-green hills which glisten in almost perpetual sunshine through drifting white clouds.

—Harold Pollock

NATIVE HANDICRAFTS. Aboriginal girls of the Mona Mona Mission with some of the handicrafts at which they are skilled. The mission tent attracted many spectators.

Northern city's carnival



CHAMPIONS. Australian Illawarra Shorthorn champions Yarrawole Silverlight, held by Mr. Gordon Cornish (right), and Morgonale Pride, held by Barry Case, during the exhibition of cattle at the Cairns Show. Many of the outback cattle-station owners travel hundreds of miles to the Show to exhibit there.



YOUNG EQUESTRIENNE Jane McLachlan, aged 17 months, on her two-year-old pony, Powder Puff. Jane is believed to be the youngest rider ever to appear at the Cairns Showground. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McLachlan, of Charters Towers, Queensland. Many youngsters enter with their ponies in the events.



THRILLS AND SPILLS are part of the fun in the roughriding events at the Cairns Show. Here champion rough-rider Keith Lindley gives the crowd some excitement with his skilful handling of a Mareeba outline. Roughriding is always a popular local attraction, and crowds flock to the rodeo during Show week-end.



HOME OF THE SUGARCANE. Cairns nurse Margaret Wiles (left) and Audrey McShane, a nurse from Tasmania, inspect the different varieties of sugar-cane on exhibition at the Show.



FAIRY FLOSS never loses its appeal for the young. Gael Hearnden, aged three, and four-year-old John Spith sample the Cairns Show variety of the delicacy after doing their shopping.

Now Your Skin Can "Breathe" Through Face Powder!



All "living" things need air . . .
your skin is no exception

You want your complexion to be exquisitely fresh—radiantly alive. But how can it be if you "smother" it? Heavy make-up and ordinary face powder stifle natural loveliness as surely as though your skin had stopped breathing.

Coty Airspun Face Powder, blended with air by the remarkable Airspun process, is so incredibly fine and soft that it covers beautifully without "smothering" . . . actually permits air to reach your skin. And how it clings! Far longer than ordinary make-up. You'll see and feel the difference the very first time you dip your puff into "Airspun."

Coty—and only Coty—has the "blended-with-air" secret

There has never been a face powder like Airspun. No other face powder, or make-up gives you the loveliness of Airspun—only in the exclusive Coty blending process is every feather-light fleck completely coated with ingredients to make the powder cling . . . without unsightly caking and pore-clogging.

"Airspun" Colour
is Truer, More Natural

Coty colours are precision blended by air, so no possibility of human error exists—no coarse grains or wayward flecks can possibly escape the cyclonic force that fuses colour into "Airspun." And each radiant Coty shade is uniform, every time you buy it. A choice of eight

entrancing shades ensures perfect colour harmony for you.

Enriched with
costly Coty Perfumes

Only "Airspun" Face Powder is enriched with the fragrance of such internationally-famous Coty perfumes as: L'Origan, Paris, Muguet de Bois, L'Aimant, Chypre—familiar names in beauty salons all over the world! And yet Coty "Airspun" costs only 7/11 a box—so little for such loveliness.



7/11 BOX

8 Enchanting Shades
5 Distinguished Perfumes

Coty AIRSPUN
LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

MOTHER



"Goody, goody . . . I'm going to be Fairy Queen in the school play, and guess how many costumes I need!"

BUTCH



"It wasn't either red. It was just changing when we went through. Wasn't it, Sarge?"

It seems to me

HOW times have changed within two or three years is underlined by the approach being used at present by a big Sydney store.

It asserts that its prices compare with those of any shop in town, and that if customers find that they can buy the same goods more cheaply elsewhere the store will refund the difference.

This is only one of the many signs that people are shopping much more carefully. The time has come again when they ask the price before they buy, and are prepared to devote what time they have to seeing if they can do better elsewhere.

Some prophets see signs of an imminent and dark depression in these blandishments from shops. They could be right. It is true that money is being spent much less freely.

But for shops to have to use effort in selling goods is not necessarily a sign of depression. It could be considered as merely a return to normal business practice.



Dorothy Drain

I WAS most interested to read this week of a Spaniard who, on complaining of pain at a Madrid hospital, proved to have pieces of bicycle chain inside him.

It appeared that a while before, at a circus, he had contracted to eat a bicycle if it were broken up into reasonable pieces.

It is the word "reasonable" which is the crux of the whole story.

The ordinary herbivorous and carnivorous eater finds it fascinating to speculate on what would be considered reasonable pieces. Are the spokes broken up into inch lengths and are the tyres minced? And, in that case, what about the headlamp?

It is probable, of course, that a sword-swallower understands the word reasonable, as applied to a bicycle, just as a housewife sees no mystery in the instruction "season to taste" in a cookery book.

But perhaps you find the whole story a little hard to swallow or even difficult to stomach? I don't blame you.

"THE FREELANCE," a little monthly magazine designed to help aspiring writers, made its first appearance in Sydney this month.

Edited by John Luffin, it gives good, sound advice to freelancers on what to write and where to sell.

Tucked away in a corner of it is a little anecdote about Stephen Leacock which will appeal to all writers, freelance or otherwise.

When Leacock was asked by ambitious authors to tell them his magic formula for success, he would reply: "It is not hard to write funny stuff. All you have to do is to procure a pen and paper and some ink and then sit down and write it as it occurs to you."

"Yes, yes," the questioner would prompt. "The writing is not hard," Leacock would conclude, "but the occurring—that, my friends, is the difficulty."

THE reverberations of Monte Bello have died away for the time being, and the cloud, considerably bigger than a man's hand, has faded from the horizons of North-west Australia.

Mushrooms, you may have noticed from the descriptions of the bomb's explosion, are temporarily out of fashion. Cauliflower was one of the homely similes used to describe the smoke in the sky.

There was another passage in the account which may have struck a slight chill in readers. "The immediate

flash," it read, "resembled the top quarter of a setting sun."

Most people, temporarily excited by the bomb's comparative nearness, soon turned to news of the Spring Racing Carnival in Sydney.

Those who had time to reflect may have noted that in a Sydney daily the bomb displaced the paper's gardening feature from its usual prominent weekly position to a back page.

SOME psychiatrists consider that goldfish are very soothing to the nerves.

I had never taken much interest in the creatures until the other day, when I had lunch at a restaurant which uses them as decorations.

We were seated at a table beside an aquarium and my companion spent almost the whole time staring at the fish, taking only the most perfunctory interest in such juicy gossip as I had gathered from the week's happenings.

While I found this a little unflattering, I suggested that the creatures could be most useful in the home.

So many family disagreements happen at meal tables that aquariums set in the wall round a breakfast nook might be well worth the expense involved.

IT'S reported that Canberra shopkeepers are worried by a wave of shoplifting.

A store official said: "Most of the offenders are middle-aged women who seem to get some excitement out of stealing."

Not as surprising as it sounds, if you've ever been to Canberra.

A WASHINGTON journalist claims that the U.S. Air Force has reported that "flying saucers" originate from "sources outside of this planet."

Weapons of another nation?
Fragments of imagination?
Visitors from Mars or Venus?

(Do they like us, if they've seen us?)
Do they come, one can't be certain.
From behind the Iron Curtain?

Or from some mysterious places
Where we know no human face is?

Those who see them, are they blotto?
"Take no chances," that's my motto.
If folk see some Flying Saucers

I just say, "Oh, tell me more, sis!"
That way, when the mystery's settled,
Nobody will get me nettled.

When they cry, "They're real, we know,"
None can add, "I told you so."



16 Vineyards and Wineries enable Penfolds to produce the best wines of every type.

Each type of wine—if you are to enjoy to the full its own inimitable flavour and bouquet—must be made from its own particular variety of grape, which must in turn be grown in its particular type of country. Some wines need rich loamy soil and bountiful sunshine. Others need light sandy soil and gentler attention from the sun. In this vast Australian continent there are districts with conditions ideally suited to each.

Penfolds own vineyards and wineries—16 in all—in each of the best wine-growing districts in Australia. Thus they have at their command the pick of Australia's grapes for making the finest wines for every occasion. Add to these advantages over a century's experience of the vintner's art, the most efficient and hygienic equipment in the world, and you have the reasons why those who know wine insist on Penfolds.



Oaken Casks Develop Penfolds Quality

Before wine can reach that mellowness which is the mark of quality, it must be matured in casks of old English oak. During the past 108 years Penfolds have imported enough of these oaken casks to mature millions of gallons of wine in their cellars at the one time. If placed end to end, these casks would stretch over 35 miles. This gives Penfolds easily the largest capacity for maturing wines in Australia.

There is a Penfolds wine for every occasion.



Penfolds White Label Wines include Dry Sherry Sweet Sherry White Port Invalid Port Muscat



Penfolds Royal Reserve (Red Label) Wines include Dry Sherry Port Muscat



Penfolds Royal Reserve Sweet Sherry



Penfolds Mantillo Dry Flor Sherry



Penfolds Extra Special Royal Reserve (Blue Label) Wines include Chablis, Hock Sauterne, Claret Burgundy Muscat, Port



Penfolds Private Bin Wines include Amontillado Sherry, Port Hock, Chablis Claret, Burgundy

Send Coupon for FREE BOOKLET

Post coupon to your nearest Penfolds Office for this interesting 24-page booklet covering the following subjects: What is wine, Correct temperature at which to serve wines, The best wines to serve with meals, Suggested wines for each course, The origin of Port, How to open sparkling wine, How to make light wine drinks, Savouries and supper recipes, Correct glassware, &c.



Penfolds Wines Pty. Ltd., Box 118, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.
Box 518J, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic. Box 318E, G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld
Box E224, G.P.O., Perth, W.A. Magill, Adelaide, S.A.
Please send me the free booklet, "How and when to serve wines."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Obtainable from leading Hotels, Wine Retailers and Licensed Grocers

AWW 151/10/52

LACE-LOVELY *Gloro-loom* REGD. LINGERIE

Starred by

Glorowin REGD.
See also the lovely
Glorowin Frocks at
your favourite store.
**They're so much smarter
... Cost so much less!**



Silken-smooth, whisper-soft "Gloro-loom",
run-proof and superlative in service.
Peach, blue, green, mauve, primrose,
black, white.

WS100: Half-Slip, gracefully wide skirt, flounced
and ruffled with coffee lace. Delightful under
summer frocks. SSW to OS. About 27/-.

SC121: Scantee to match half-slip. Well-cut,
wide legs with ruffle and insert of coffee lace.
Elastic waist. SSW to OS. About 21/-.

ND120: Nightgown with "bare-top" look
— wide shoulder straps, lace inserts. Full
sweeping skirt. SSW to OS. About 45/-.

CRB113: Child's Briefs, elastic waist, elasticised
lace at legs. Fit 4, 6, 8 years. About 7/-.
(Also available to fit 10, 12, 14 years).

CS110: Child's Slip, cleverly cut for smooth
fit. Lace-trimmed. 27, 30, 33 in. About 12/-.
(Larger sizes also available).

CP115: Child's Pantee, elastic waist, banded
legs. To fit 4, 6 and 8 years. About 6/-.
(Also available to fit 10, 12, 14 years).

Creations of Gloria Mills, Melbourne.
At Good Stores Everywhere.

Interstate Distributors:

Qld.: W. McAlpine, Room 307a, Commerce House,
326 Flinders St., Melbourne — MU 7701.

N.S.W.: J. J. Geary Pty. Ltd., 209a Castlereagh St.,
Sydney — MA 3805.

S.A.: H. Laird, Reid House, Featherstone Place,
Adelaide — Cent. 7944.

W.A.: John O'Hagan Coy., 62 St. George's Terrace,
Perth — BA 2517.

Vic.: Gloria Knitting Mills, 279 Spring St.,
Melbourne — FB 2608, FB 2778.

Tas.: M. J. Radonic, Room 5, 97 Collins St., Hobart.

Worth Reporting

LONDON TALK By Michael Plant



"DON'T be silly, Dad.
If I wait till Joe can
support me some other
girl will grab him off."

ON this side of the world
Australians are more
than holding their own in
the world of art.

Donald Friend has just re-
turned from his villa in Flo-
rence with a suitcase full of
drawings and paintings of the
sun-baked Italian countryside.

Harry Tatlock Miller put
them on exhibition at his Red-
fern Gallery and the lot were
cleaned out within a fortnight.

From Paris comes news of
Margaret Olley.

Recently, by chance, Mar-
garet met author Jean Co-
cteau and showed him a few
paintings.

He was so impressed with
some of her monotypes (paint-
ings done on glass) that he in-
sisted she have an exhibition
to herself in his gallery.

The critics roared, and over-
night Margaret found herself
accepted in the snobbish Paris-
ian world of art.

ROUND the West End this
week I noticed two curious
fashion trends and have
tracked both back to their
sources.

The first is a turned-up col-
lar made of fine pleated or-
ganza caught round with a vel-
vet bow and worn high on the
throat.

This is a feature of every
one of the sophisticated dresses
Cecil Beaton designed for our
Lynne Fontaine in Noel
Coward's new play, "Quad-
rille."

The second idea is the new
fad of colored hair and colored
eyelashes which Yvonne de
Carlo brought from Holly-
wood.

Horrible though it may
sound, it certainly is catching
on and all the big comic
houses are turning out special
brightly colored powder to
make quick changes possible.

The eyelashes are stuck on
with spirit gum and come in
colors to match your dress,
your poodle, or your car.

SARTORIALY the Royal

Family is breaking with
tradition. In line with the
informal dressing of Prince
Charles and Princess Anne is
their latest photograph in the
Duke of Edinburgh's holder-
suit of combined battle-
blouse and knickerbocker.
Savile Row commented:
"Really, we have no name
for clothes of this type."

HOME again after
travelling more than
19,000 miles round the
world with the Australian
tennis team, Jean Sedgman
looks back on the week
spent in Los Angeles as the
most exciting part of the
trip.

She had the time of her life
meeting all the film stars who
flocked to see the tennis every
day.

"I carried my camera with
me most days, but I was often
afraid to ask if I could take a
photograph," she told us.

"I got round to taking
photos of Macdonald Carey
and John Hodiak, and in my
excitement I couldn't remem-
ber whether I had turned the
film round."

"Mr. Carey solved my prob-
lem by saying, 'Take another
one. You know, they always
take two at the studios.'"

The highlight of the team's
Los Angeles stay was a party
given by the president of the
Los Angeles Club, Mr. Corn-
well Jackson, and his wife, for-
mer film star Gail Patrick.

Other guests were Jeanne
Crain and her husband, Paul
Brinkman, June Allyson and
Dick Powell, Ann Blyth, Deb-
bie Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs.
James Stewart, Mr. and Mrs.
Gordon MacRae, and Jean
Simmons and Stewart
Granger.

"The boys all voted Jeanne
Crain the best-looking film
star. She is very quiet and
shy and seems to like to talk
about her four children," Jean
said.

After dinner the film stars
put on an impromptu cabaret,
with Gordon MacRae as mas-
ter of ceremonies.

"Lew Hoad partnered Deb-
bie Reynolds in singing 'Aba-
daba Honeymoon' and other
songs," Jean said. "Art Lar-
sen also put on an act and
had everyone in fits of laugh-
ter singing 'Prisoner of Love!'"

Frank and Jean spent three
mornings touring studios,
where they saw films being
made and met movie stars.

Jean told us that all the film
stars were very excited spec-
tators at the tennis, but Deb-
bie Reynolds topped them all.

"When Ken and Lew were
playing off the final of the
doubles, she was very funny. I
didn't think anyone ever bar-
racked harder than she did.

At one stage she called out,
'Come on, boys, give it to
them!'"

"This amused Lew and Ken,
and they had a grin on their
faces for the next few points."

"After one very exciting rally
which the boys won she yelled
out, 'Oh, man! They're for
me!' which could be heard all
round us."

A FRIEND took a moneybox
full of 2/- pieces to the
bank the other day and apolo-
gised to the teller for all the
trouble she was causing him.

The teller assured her that
counting two bob was busy.
Many people brought in large
hoards of sixpences, threep-
ences, and pennies.

His worst experience had
been caused by a woman who
brought in £20 worth of pen-
nies. To help the teller she
had carefully wrapped them in
bundles stuck down with lash-
ings of sticky tape!

Personality rooms for U.S. leaders

ROOMS decorated in styles
to match the personalities
of the two United States
presidential candidates were
a feature of the Fourth Na-
tional Home Furnishings
Show in New York's Grand
Central Palace recently.

A study designed for
General Eisenhower had red,
white, and blue striped cot-
ton fabric covering one
wall, with matching drapes.

The other walls were painted
the same blue as that in the
striped fabric.

Antique furniture was
used in the study and there
were a couple of tiny chairs
for the Eisenhower grand-
children.

Governor Adlai Steven-
son's study was not so
brightly colored.

The walls were covered in
grey flannel and the furni-
ture was upholstered in beige-
toned tweed. A cowhide rug
covered the centre of the floor.

Automatic ache-banisher

A MACHINE called a mas-
sage-o-matic, the last word
in making a working-girl's life
a happy one, is being mar-
keted in the United States.

The makers claim it boosts
employees' morale; makes
them more alert, pleasant, and
efficient; and helps them to a
more enjoyable working day.

All this is the result of sit-
ting for from five to ten min-
utes in what looks like a com-
fortably padded, wide-armed
chair.

It massages while you sit!
The advertisement quotes
one woman clerk who was mas-
saged by The Chair as say-
ing:

"I think it is the answer to
the shopgirl's aches."

NOW FREE FROM PAIN OF RHEUMATISM



Thanks to Lantigen C
Wife of Mr. W.K.
of Elwood, Victoria.

Are you a victim of Rheumatism,
Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago or
Fibrositis? Do you suffer pain
and turn at night with aching,
burning joints and muscles?
Then Lantigen C can help you.
This amazing oral vaccine stimu-
lates the natural healing power of
the system to produce antibodies,
the natural antidotes to germ
infection. These antibodies
neutralise germ poisons and
thereby ease inflammation, stop
pain and promote immunity often
lasting for long periods.

ECONOMICAL

Lantigen C costs only a
few pence (or less) for the
recommended treatment.
See your Chemist today!

Lantigen C

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE
For Rheumatism, Neuritis,
Sciatica, Lumbago and
Fibrositis.

21C

YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN

Some objections to other opinions on marriage and divorce

MANY letters have come in from readers discussing the views expressed by young people on this page, at times protesting strongly. It is time to give their points of view, too.

Excluded on the score of age are the parents and marrieds. But here are the other dissenters to speak for themselves.

These young correspondents are girls who especially deplored the opinions of other girls on marriage, divorce, and boy-friends.

WHEN adults read your page to-day they will get the impression that teenagers are extremely selfish with no commonsense or any religious upbringing," wrote two girls who signed themselves Betty and Dorothy.

They explained: "We are two 18-year-old typists who both hope to get married within the next three years."

"We have both been going steady with our boy-friends for more than two years, and definitely believe that you must be in love to be happily married and that marriage is the fulfillment of every girl's life."

Betty and Dorothy singled out two other dissenters, Diana and Judy, for their attack. Diana had said she thought marriage was "the end" and that it was "better for people simply to live together."

"It is really possible," wrote Betty and Dorothy, "that a girl of 17 who is supposed to have brains could be of the opinion that one could live a decent and happy life while defying all the conventions of morality and society?"

"Has this girl, although she attends the University, no knowledge of the Bible or the Ten Commandments?"

Judy is a 16-year-old who told me that if she had to choose between a poor man whom she loved and a rich man whom she merely liked she would marry the rich man.

"Surely you don't classify anyone with such childish ideas as Youth?" asked Betty and Dorothy. "Is she really so selfish as to think that as long as she gets what she wants she will be happy?"

"Let's hope she will one day realise that the measure of love is what one will give up for it." She can be classed only as a little gold-digger."

ANOTHER girl wrote from Victoria pleading for the publication of her ideas to correct "the one-sided view" presented on this page. She objected: "The view of the best type of youth has been neglected."

"As part of to-day's youth, I feel rather insulted," she said. "I assure you that some of us still believe in having the family God intends us to. In the article I am referring to all your

subjects seemed to be in favor of planned families and even worse divergences from the natural law.

"The general public should not be given the idea that we all agree on these things."

YET another girl, a nurse in Perth, wrote that she felt "rather ashamed of my sex for the views they hold regarding marriage," which she was sure would "put off any wife-seeking male."

Their outlook, she claimed, was selfish. Her chosen points for dissension were opinions given about preserving one's independence; not marrying until one has one's own house; divorce; limited families; and marrying for anything but love.

She said: "When contemplating marriage a girl should be prepared to devote her life mainly to looking after the man who loves her so much. He is giving up a lot to marry her, just as she is making sacrifices for him."

"Not every boy comes by a house and land without saving hard and giving up pleasures or his free hours. Independence is all very well, but if all wives sought this we would lose some wonderful families."

"After all, woman was originally made for man, not with him."

"Divorce seemed to be a point everyone favored, but this reduces marriage to the level of a business agreement. A man 'buys' a wife; if he doesn't like her, gets tired of her, or finds someone better, he discards her and finds someone who is an improvement on the last."

"If young people made a wise decision when choosing a mate and found someone they would love till death us do part, despite faults and shortcomings, there would be no thought of divorce."

"There are bound to be some men who change after marriage, but the girl should be prepared to take this risk when she marries."

"Girls who want to limit families to one or two because they want them to have a proper education are depriving their child or children of the companionship of several brothers and sisters."

"Despite their apparent quarrels, large families on the whole are much happier."

"We can't all rear children to be doctors, lawyers, teachers, and so forth; there have to be laborers, miners, etc."

"Some children may have a good education without costly colleges or university courses. If a child gets all he needs and wants he will be lazy and have no incentive to strive for these things; he just takes them for granted."

Finally, the nurse said: "It seems hard to believe one could marry a man for anything but love. Marriage is just the natural outcome of two people loving one another enough to want to share their lives together."

BACH collectors who are noticing wear in their Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 now have an opportunity of replacing it with this scholarly version by the Danish State Broadcasting Chamber Orchestra under Mogens Woldike (H.M.V. no. C7848/9). The fact that it's in the less expensive C series makes the concerto doubly welcome.

I CAN'T resist mentioning Decra's Y6386, although it was named last month. Two of the liveliest personalities in show business, Ethel Merman and "Schmoozie" Durante, do "If You Catch a Little Cold" and "You Say the Nicest Things." The rough-and-tumble romance, as tender as

DISC DIGEST

a blow-torch's kiss, developed between Ethel and Jimmy on both sides is a wonderful antidote after so many "June and moon" love songs. If you have a sense of humor, this is your disc!

HERE'S Perry Como in a mood indigo on EA4083 doing "While We're Young," an amiable trifle with a faint Noel Coward quality. Mitchell Ayres' Orchestra and a group of femme voices lend sweet support. The reverse side, "Cara Cara Bella Bella," is so slow and dreamy-dreamy I'm sure I heard Perry snore.

AFTER enjoying Toni Arden's "It's Love" on DO3576, such a lighthearted, lifting song, I was disappointed in her backing title, "Once," which is exactly how often I want to hear it. However, I expect many will enjoy this wistful waxing.

ALMOST 200 best-sellers suspended four years ago are now making a reappearance. Titles include many of the most popular discs of such star names as Gracie Fields, Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Sophie Tucker, "Fats" Waller, Carmen Cavallaro, Ronald Frankau. It's amazing just how good these old-timers are.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

We got a new living room for £40

CANE-ITE Walls £27.10.0

CANE-ITE Ceilings £10.10.0



YOU can do it too!

This is how it looked before we took to the walls and ceilings. I had gone to all the expense of new curtains and new covers for the lounge suite. But these beautiful new covers just couldn't hide the cracks in the ceiling and walls.



"Our new walls and ceiling actually cost less than the new linen covers for the suite and the curtains. We hired a carpenter just for one day to help John with the Cane-ite ceiling, although John said afterwards he could have done it himself. I believe him—because in one weekend he covered our terrible old walls

with smart new Cane-ite."

You insulate as well as decorate with Cane-ite. Keeps out Summer heat and Winter cold. Cane-ite is easy to handle because it comes in 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet lengths—each length available in 3 and 4 feet widths. You can paint Cane-ite in any finish. It's white-ant proofed.

You can have a choice of three finishes

1. Natural suede-like finish.
2. Ivory Cane-ite — better light reflection.
3. Primed Cane-ite which requires no base coat — actual final color of paint can go straight on.



Insulate as well as decorate with

CANE-ITE

for WALLS and CEILINGS

Available at Hardware Stores and Timber Merchants


Manufactured by

THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.

Building Materials Division

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH






Satin Half Slip — 2283



Fluted Nylon Tricot
Princess Slip — 786



Velveteen
Princess Slip — 483

"there's many a slip" but none like

LUCAS *Sil-o-ette* SLIPS

Preferred by discriminating women who
demand infinite variety and value in

fashion, fit and fabric

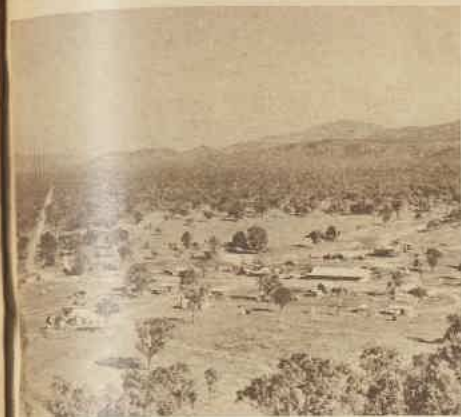
Available in sizes 12 to 42, each in two lengths in Blossom, Ivory and Black.



Obtainable at the best shops throughout Australia already selling Lucas Frocks, Lingerie and Children's Wear

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1951

Everyone digs "black gold" at Carbine



TOWNSHIP of Mount Carbine seen from Mt. Carbine shows the road, at left, which stretches through Brooklyn cattle station to Mount Molloy, the nearest township 21 miles away.



ABORIGINES take their ease outside the little Mount Carbine post office. The notice on the wall refers to income tax returns, which most of the residents must now furnish.

Even toddlers earn money from wolfram to buy toys

By ROSS ANNABELL

Enterprising women of the tiny mining township of Mount Carbine, North Queensland, are using picks, shovels, and napping hammers to help their husbands mine wolfram ore—the "black gold" of the north.

Current high prices, fluctuating between £80 and £90 per cwt., have caused a boom on the field.

STAMPING batteries hammer out their monotonous dirge from dawn until well into the night nowadays.

Men of the field tunnel into the shaft-riddled mountain and their wives track round old dumps whenever they have the time, or dig for lumps of wolfram-bearing quartz.

Mt. Carbine, actually a 500ft. ridge, towers above the scattered mining settlement, the residents of which face many hardships in their search for the "black gold."

Carbine is an isolated place 63 miles north-west of Mareeba.

Surrounded by big cattle stations in rugged country, it has no doctor closer than Mareeba, no baker, no butcher shop, and a very limited water supply.

But lured by high prices for wolfram, a shiny black ore used in hardening steel, newcomers have taken their place

beside those who stayed on when the price was only £9 a cwt.

The "touch of a woman's hand" is evident all over Carbine.

It can be seen in the bright new paint on modern-style mining shacks. Some are more like holiday beach homes than the eyesores of other years, and there is even the semblance of gardens around some homes on the dry, dusty flat.

Law and order, too, now prevail in this outpost mining township which only a few years ago knew roaring nights of drinking orgies.

Carbine has one hotel now, but old-timers still talk of the days when it had three—and up to 200 miners; when drink flowed over the bars until the small hours, and when brawls were a nightly occurrence.

They recall with gusto the night an enraged miner who had turned "sour" on a publican tossed a stick of dynamite at the bar-room window.

The window was shut and the thrower succeeded only in blowing off his own leg.

But those days have gone,

and the new Carbine, although it has no policeman within 21 miles, observes strict licensing hours.

The women—there are only a handful—come from all walks of life.

One is an ex-Sydney office girl, Gwen McFarlane, formerly Gwen Waterman.

Gwen came north on a holiday and married Kevin McFarlane, a Cairns carpenter. They built their own home in the thriving, picturesque northern city, but the "black gold" drew them to Carbine.

Busy life

NOW Kevin has his own "show," working a wolfram-bearing reef on the hill.

Gwen is busy from dawn till dark keeping house, looking after their two children, preparing sample specimens of wolfram, keeping the books, and mining on her own account whenever possible.

"We heard about wolfram from an Army mate of Kevin's and decided to take a chance on it," she told me. "We are not sorry—it has been worth it."

"I do about six hours a week myself, and in three months have got a bag of wolfram worth about £90."

"My husband blows the ground with gelignite for me, and I have to pull the stones out, crack them open, and sort out those bearing wolfram from those that don't."

Gwen's 4½-year-old daughter, Tina, has learned mining already, and does a bit on her own account, too.

She picks up wolfram-bearing stones lying about the hill, and to date has earned enough to buy a scooter for herself and a wooden train for her two-year-old brother, Lloyd.

Most of Carbine's children are wolfram miners in the making.

One miner, shopping in Cairns for a toy to take back to his young daughter, was nonplussed for something suitable. He finally hit on a small stone-napping hammer.

The little girl was delighted with it. It was the only toy she really wanted.

She now cracks wolfram with a "grown-up" hammer.

The township's 20-odd children are all healthy and tanned from the hot northern sun, and their mothers claim the climate is second to none for rearing children.

There are drawbacks, however. Fresh milk for babies is almost non-existent, and tinned milk is often impossible to obtain. Milking cows would starve on the surrounding country, and it costs too much to import fodder.

Bread and meat arrive twice a week from Mt. Molloy, a timber-milling township 21 miles away.

Water, too, is a problem. The town has only one windmill, filling a 1000-gallon tank from a well, but the water has been condemned as unfit for human consumption because of its arsenical content.

Carbine's adult residents drink it, however, and conserve their precious rain-water for the children. No one is showing any ill-effects as yet.

The wealth buried in the hill has drawn an odd assortment of men from every walk of life and from many countries.

In the little bar of the Wolfram Hotel I saw a Cockney, born "just within the sound of Bow Bells," rubbing shoulders with an ex-sailor from a German U-boat in World War 1; a Russian drinking with a Welshman; a bearded "dinkum Aussie," veteran of half a hundred long-forgotten goldfields, swapping tall stories with a miner from Northern Italy.

Carbine has its real "Old Australians," too—remnants of the aboriginal tribes which once roamed the Byerstown Ranges.

Secretary of the Mount Carbine Ore Producers' Association is Tom Daniels, a Canadian.

Tom served in the R.A.A.F. during the war, went back to Canada in 1947, but returned to Australia in 1949. Now he is married, has a two-year-old daughter, Jennifer, and looks like staying in Australia for good.

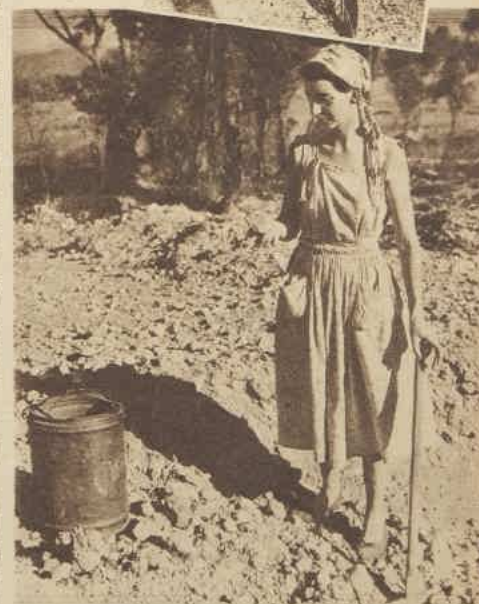
His wife combines bringing up Jennifer and keeping house with work on wolfram.



BIDDY (above), Carbine's oldest aboriginal, is of unknown age, but she enjoys her pipe. Her mother, who died a few years ago, claimed to have seen Captain Cook land at Cooktown in 1770.



TINA McFarlane (right) and the scooter she bought with money she earned by picking up wolfram.



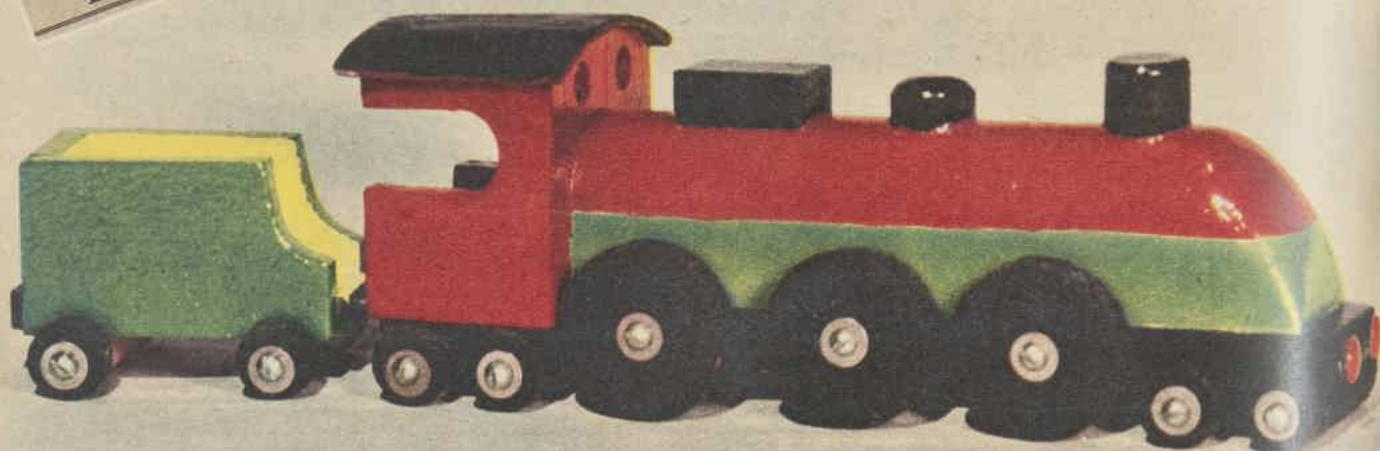
MRS. GWEN MCFARLANE at work mining wolfram. The rock containing wolfram is put aside in the bucket and is later crushed in a stamping battery to extract the heavy black ore.



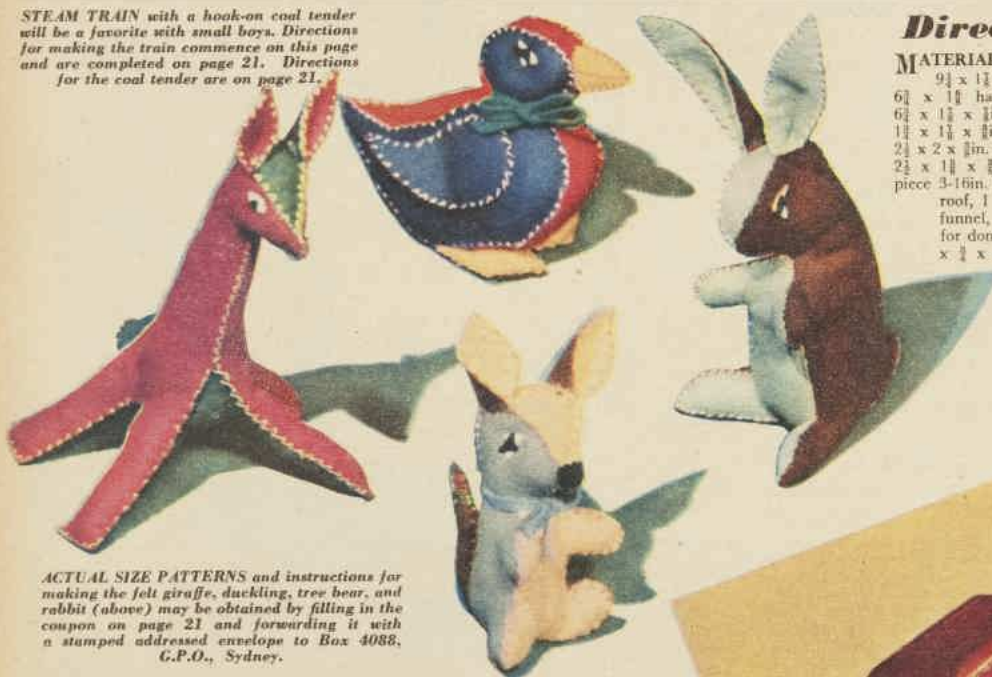
FAMILY GROUP of aboriginal miners pose in their best clothes for the photographer. They make good money by digging for "floating" wolfram on unclaimed ground around the base of Mt. Carbine.

**SPECIAL
FEATURE**

TOYS TO MAKE



STEAM TRAIN with a hook-on coal tender will be a favorite with small boys. Directions for making the train commence on this page and are completed on page 21. Directions for the coal tender are on page 21.



ACTUAL SIZE PATTERNS and instructions for making the felt giraffe, duckling, tree bear, and rabbit (above) may be obtained by filling in the coupon on page 21 and forwarding it with a stamped addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

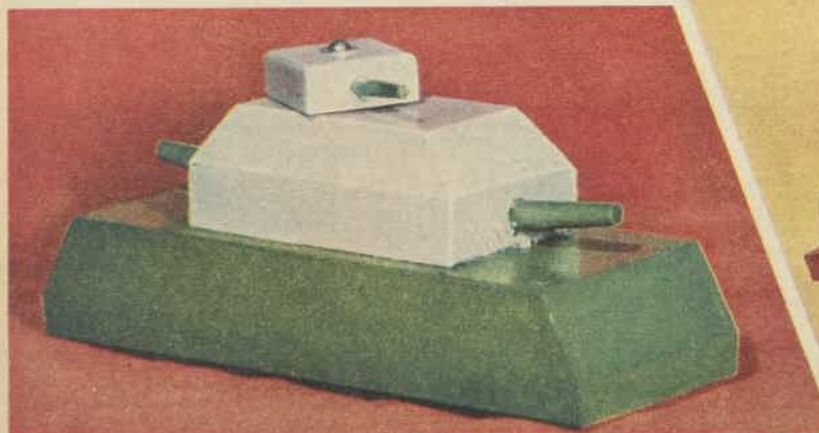
Directions for making train

MATERIALS: 1 piece softwood $9\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for base, 1 piece $6\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. half-round and 1 piece $6\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for boiler, 2 pieces $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for bogies, 2 pieces $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for cabin sides, 1 piece $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for cabin front, 1 piece $3-16$ in. plywood $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in. for roof, 1 piece rod $1 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for funnel, 1 piece rod $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for dome, 1 piece softwood $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for steam box, 6 driving wheels $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in., 8 bogie wheels $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in., screws, washers, 2 upholstery nails.

To Make: Glue 2

boiler pieces together and taper to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to bottom. Shape down in front to give a streamlined effect, then nail boiler to base board, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in from front. After making 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. holes for windows, glue front of cabin to boiler end, cut look-outs $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. in sides of cabin and glue to sides of base and cabin front. Glue bogie pieces to each end on the underside of base, screw on 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wheels each side of bogie, back and front.

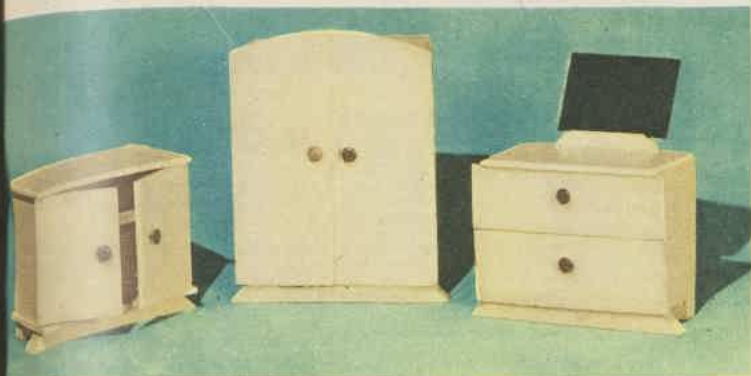
Continued on
page 21



ARMORED TANK on wheels has a movable turret so that top gun can be aimed at different targets. Directions for making are on page 21.

TIPPING BODY of truck is worked by a side handle fixed to the lift that is hinged to the base of truck. Directions for making are on page 21.

Now is the time to start making toys to fill Christmas stockings. In this special five-page feature we present a wide variety of playthings any amateur can make at very little cost.

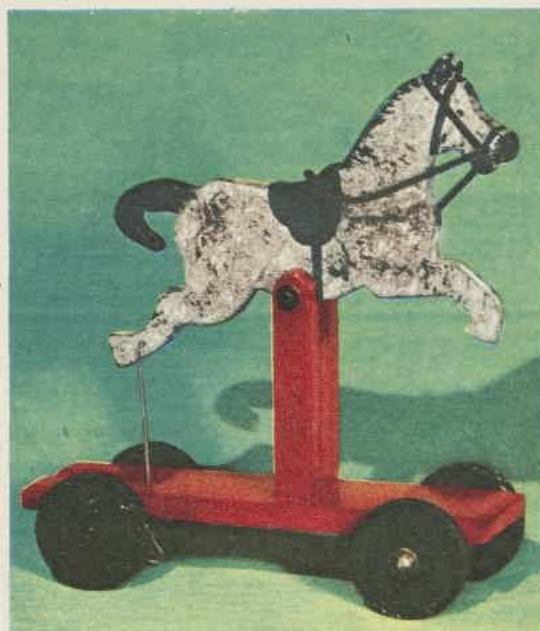


THREE-PIECE bedroom suite. Directions commence below and are completed on page 21.

LITTLE GIRLS like a lounge and chair for their dolls. See directions on page 21.



BALANCED so that it stands or rocks on the perch, this white parrot is an amusing toy. See directions page 18.



A PULL-ALONG TOY, this galloping horse moves up and down as the back wheels turn round. A full-scale pattern for the horse and directions for making are given on page 21.



LETTER-BOX with posting slot and a side flap for clearing mail. A diagram with the dimensions of the box and directions for making are on page 18. Squares of cardboard can be cut for letters.

How to build dolls' furniture

PIECES of timber required for making the wood toys illustrated in this section may be obtained from timber-yards or hobby shops or bought as scrap material from cabinet or furniture makers.

Toy-makers with only a limited tool-kit can have wood cut or turned to any requirements, but the designs shown are easy to make entirely at home.

Casein glue, a cold-water glue which can be mixed in any quantities, is most convenient for the joining work on wooden toys. Panel pins or furniture brads are other useful items when making individual toys.

In addition to reinforcing glued joints, the pins or brads hold the sections firmly in place so that no time is lost waiting for joints to dry.

Upholstery nails can be used for train buffers, head-lights, door handles, and similar trimmings.

A variety of bright enamels or paints, undercoating, and sandpaper are other finishing materials that are required for the toy-maker's kit.

DRESSING-TABLE

Materials: 1 piece 3-16in. plywood $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for top, 2 pieces plywood $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for sides, 1 piece plywood $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for back, 1 piece plywood $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 2in. for base, 2 pieces plywood 5 x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for front of drawers, 4 pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for inside supports, 2 plywood boxes for inside drawer fronts, sides 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., front and back $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., bottom $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., upholstery

nails, 1 piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for front floor stand, 1 piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for back floor stand.

To Make: Glue supports to 4 inside edges of sides and 3-16in. in from back and sides. Glue on back, top, and bottom. Make inside boxes for drawers, and glue on the two plywood pieces for front of dressing-table. Glue small wood strips inside as runners for drawers and drive in handles. A small strip of grooved wood may be glued to top of table at back to hold a mirror. Shape floor supports and glue to underneath at back and front.

WARDROBE

Materials: 2 pieces 3-16in. plywood 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for doors, 2 pieces plywood 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2in. for sides, 1 piece plywood 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for back, 2 pieces plywood 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2in. for top and base, 4 pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for inside corner supports, 2 strips leatherette for hinges, 2 upholstery nails for door handles, 1 piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for back floor stand, 1 piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for front floor stand.

To Make: Glue corner supports to inside edges of side and 3-16in. in from edge to make a surface for the back to be glued to. Glue on top and base pieces. Shape top of doors and hinge to front of cupboard with strips of leatherette. Drive in door handles. Glue on back floor stand, shape front floor stand as required and glue in position.

Continued on page 21



DINING-TABLE AND CHAIR of modern design for the doll's house can be made from small scraps of wood. The materials required and the directions for making are given on page 21.



choose carefully . . . use faithfully

Yardley make the right preparation for *your* type of skin.
Wash with one of their luxurious Soaps. For deep-down cleanliness use a Yardley Cleansing Cream. For the nightly massage which keeps your skin soft and supple choose rich Yardley Night Cream.
And for the radiance of a skin that's firm and fine-textured tone up with Yardley Astringent or Toning Lotion. This gentle discipline each night—and you're a beauty all your days.

Skin Care by **YARDLEY**



Liquefying Cleansing Cream
Dry Skin Cleansing Cream
Night Cream
Astringent Lotion
Toning Lotion

YARDLEY · LONDON · NEW YORK · PARIS · TORONTO · SYDNEY

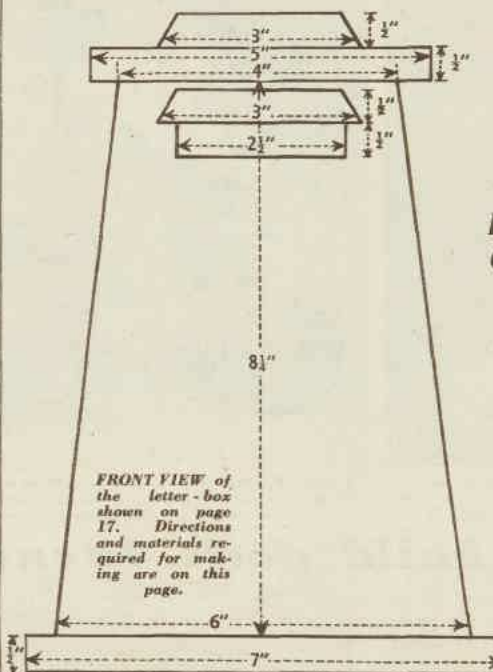
Continued from page 17

Easy to make

LETTER-BOX

Materials: 2 pieces of 3-16in. plywood 8½in. long, 6in. wide at one end and 4in. at other end, for front and back; 2 pieces 3-16in. plywood 5½in. at one end and 3½in. at other end for sides; 4 pieces ¼in. square softwood 8½in. long for inside corner supports; 1 piece 7 x 7 x ¼in. for base; 1 piece 5 x 5 x ¼in. and 1 piece 3 x 3 x ¼in. nailed together for top; 1 piece ¼in. square, 3in. long to shield posting-slot; upholstery tack for door-handle, and leatherette strip for door-hinge.

To Make: Glue ¼in. support strips to inside edge of front and back, allowing 3-16in. for sides. Cut opening in front ¼in. down from top edge, and 2½ x ¼in. for posting-slot. Shape and taper shield and glue above slot. Cut one side across and 3in. up for door and hinge with leatherette strip, and nail upholstery-tack handle. Glue on sides, making 6in. square at bottom and 4in. square at top.



FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



WEIGHT ON
TAIL WITH
LEAD TO GET
BALANCE

ACTUAL
SIZE

TO MAKE
the rocking
parrot illustrated in
color on page
17, trace this
diagram, cut it
out in plywood,
and follow the
directions below.

ROCKING PARROT

Materials: Piece of 3-16in. plywood; 1 piece of softwood for base 3½ x 3 x ¼in.; 5in. length of ¼in. dowel for upright stick; 1 piece softwood 3½ x ¼in., tapered off at top to hold feet of parrot, lead to balance tail.

To Make: Trace diagram and cut from plywood. Glue base piece, dowel stick, and perch together as illustrated, and balance tail of parrot with lead so that it swings and balances on front and back of foot.

FOR YOUNG CRAFTSMEN



FOR funny man, use a swastika reel for the body and glue on a smaller reel for the head (see sketch above). The hat is a colored plastic bottle-top, and the eyes, nose, and mouth are marked in with black ink.

A FLEET OF SAILING SHIPS: Glue small triangles of white paper on to safety matches, then glue the "sails and masts" to the insides of walnut shell halves. The outsides of the shells can be painted if preferred.

TINY GARDENS. Jar lids are ideal for growing miniature gardens. Place a layer of cotton-wool in a lid, moisten with water, sprinkle with cress, mustard, or wheat seeds, and place in a sunny spot. Keep the cotton-wool quite moist and in a few days you'll have a green garden.

TOYS WITHIN TOYS

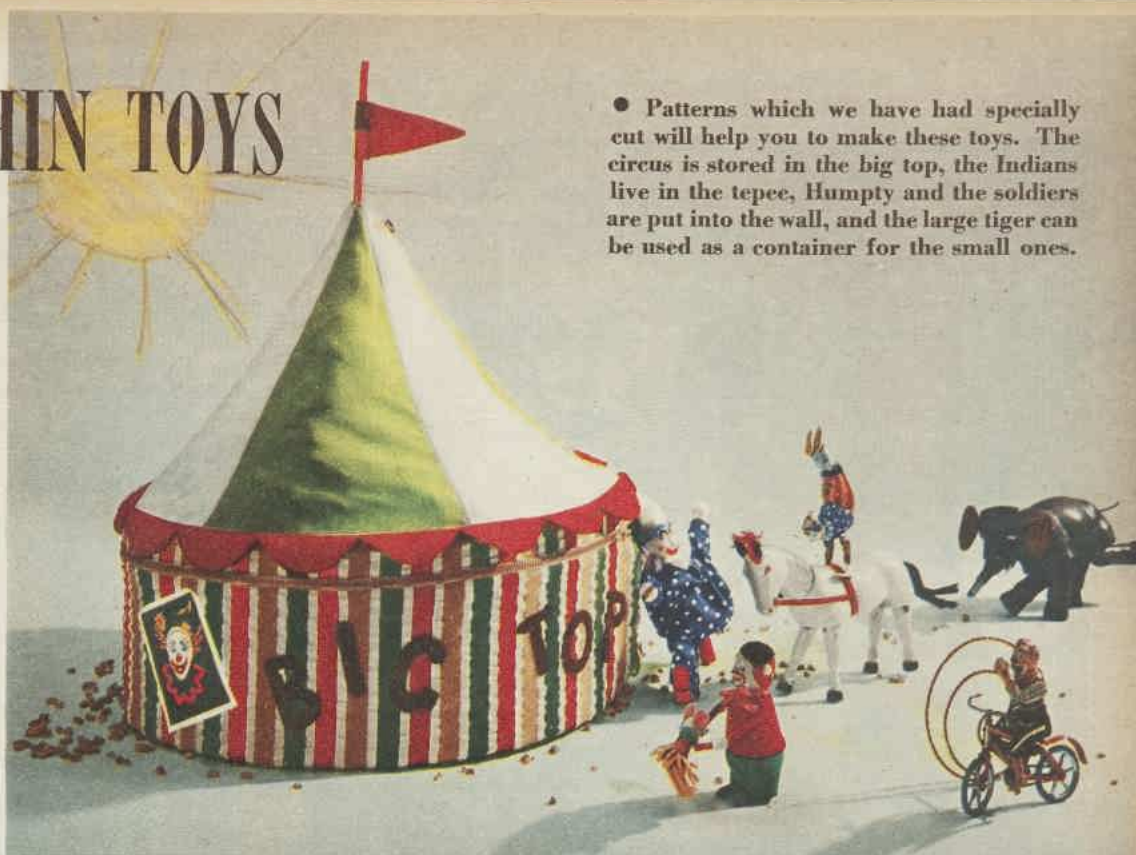
THE patterns and instructions for making the toys illustrated on this page may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney). City depot is at 125a York Street. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland. When ordering, please quote pattern number.

No. 2133—CIRCUS TENT

Materials for Cover: 1 yd. red and green striped denim, Indian Head, or similar sturdy fabric; 1 1/2 yds. white buckram or similar fabric; 1 yd. red Indian Head; 1 yd. green Indian Head; 2 snaps, 1/2 in. size; 6 strips, 1/2 in. wide; 1 hook and eye; scraps of brown, yellow, red, and green felt for applique; small scraps of red rickrack, 1/2 in. and 1 in. widths; 1 empty thread spool; wooden dowel to fit into spool, 1 1/2 in. high; wooden block, 4 in. square, 1/2 in. thick; red paint; thread to match all fabrics; red and black embroidery floss; 1 zipper 12 in. long, neckline or handbag style; 2 zippers 22 in. long, neckline style.

Material for Base: 1 1/2 yds. 24 in. wide buckram and two (2) 22 in. zippers. Pattern price, 2/-.

(Pattern number of other toys, with lists of materials needed, are on page 21.)



• Patterns which we have had specially cut will help you to make these toys. The circus is stored in the big top, the Indians live in the tepee, Humpty and the soldiers are put into the wall, and the large tiger can be used as a container for the small ones.

THE INDIAN TEPEE (at left) is made from pattern No. 2136. Buy or make small dolls for the Indian family and the witch doctor. This is another set which may be expanded by the young owner, and will grow in interest as the collection increases.

THE BIG TOP (above). Make this impressive circus tent yourself from pattern No. 2133 and begin collecting small toys for the circus troupe and animals. The designs on this page have been made available to us exclusively by Good Housekeeping Magazine.



HUMPTY DUMPTY (left) sits on his famous wall watching "the king's horses and the king's men." The wall is a 15 in. x 10 in. suitcase covered with a brick-patterned material. Pattern No. 2133.

THREE WILD TIGERS (above) will make a jungle out of any nursery. The little ones fold inside the big one. The umbrellas were added for fun, and need not be included. Pattern No. 2135.



TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



There's more in this than meets the eye . . .

Of course you want your new watch to look nice. And in the wide range of fine Swiss watches you will be sure to find many which will delight your eye. Whether in gold or in steel; to wear on the wrist, the finger, the lapel—there are watches in just that beautiful, fashionable style you are looking for. See them and judge for yourself.

But seeing is not all. A watch, however beautiful, is more than a piece of jewellery. A good Swiss jewelled-lever watch is the most precise time-keeping mechanism in the world, designed to give you faithful, reliable service. The appearance of a watch is important, but its works are important, too—and there you cannot judge for yourself; you need expert advice.

Your jeweller is the expert to advise you. He loves beautiful things, and he understands watches, too. He knows that watches which look alike on the outside can be very different inside. He alone can show you how to distinguish the good watch from the others; because he alone is the representative of the Swiss watch industry, chosen for his knowledge and skill. Let the jeweller guide your choice. Then you will have a watch which is as fine as it looks.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard.

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

TOYS TO MAKE

(continued)

ACTUAL SIZE

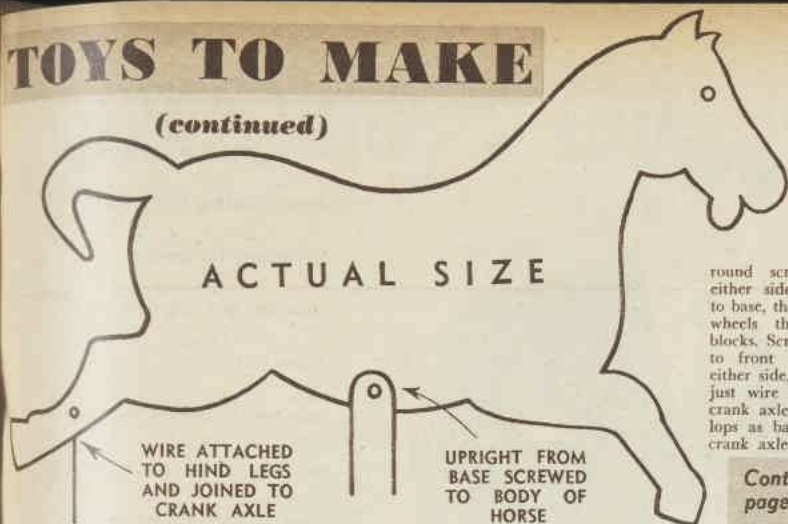


DIAGRAM for the galloping horse which is shown in color on page 17. Materials and directions for making this toy are given on this page.

Continued from page 16

STREAMLINED TRAIN

Screw 3 driving wheels to each side of base, using 1in. round head screws and washers each side of wheels. Bore shallow holes 1in. in top of boiler for funnel and dome and glue into position. Cut a groove in wood for steam box to fit curve of boiler, and glue in place. Use upholstery nails for buffers. Wet roof, bend to shape, and glue on to cabin.

COAL TENDER

Materials: 2 pieces $3\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for sides; 1 piece $3\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for base; 2 pieces 1in. square x 2in. for axles; 4 wheels $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ x 1in.; 1 piece $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for end; screw hook and eye for coupling.

To Make: Glue sides and end to base, glue axles to underside, and screw on wheels with 1in. round head screws and washers either side. Cut angle off top front of sides as shown. Couple to train with hook and eye.

ARMORED TANK

Materials: 1 piece of softwood $7 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for underbody piece; 1 piece softwood $7 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for body of tank; 8 wooden wheels $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ x 1in., screws and washers; 2 pieces plywood for sides $8 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in.; 2 pieces softwood $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for ends; 2 pieces $4 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for gunhouse; 1 piece 1in. softwood 1in. square for turret-top; small pieces of tapered dowel stick for guns, screws, washers.

To Make: Glue the 2 lengths of 7in. softwood together and screw 4 wheels to each side of narrower piece with 1in. round screws and washers each side. Glue gunhouse pieces together and level top to 1in. Glue in body of tank. With 1in. screw and washers each side, screw turret to gunhouse. Glue in guns.

TIP-TRUCK

Materials: 1 piece $8 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. softwood for base; 1 piece $2 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. softwood for bonnet; 2 pieces $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. softwood for cabin sides; 1 piece $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for cabin roof; 2 pieces $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. softwood for cabin front and back; 1 piece $5 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for body; 2 pieces $5 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for body sides; 2 pieces $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for body ends; 1 piece $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for lift; 1 piece $3 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for body rest; 4 1in. diameter wheels; 4 screws and 8 washers; 2 blocks 1in. square and 1in. long for axle; strip of tin for handle.

To Make: Shape bonnet and glue to base; cut out window in cabin front and glue to bonnet. Cut out windows in cabin sides and glue to sides of base; glue in back of cabin. Glue body rest to end of base.

Attach body lift to back of cabin, using leatherette on the underside as a hinge, and nail a small strip of tin on one side and bend out to serve as a handle. Glue body sides and ends flush with body and attach to body rest on base with a strip of leatherette. Glue axle pieces to underside of base; screw on wheels with round head screws and washers both sides. Glue on roof.

Continued from page 17

CUPBOARD

Materials: 2 pieces 3-16in. plywood $5\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in. for top and bottom; 2 pieces plywood $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in. for doors; 2 pieces plywood $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in. for sides; 1 piece plywood $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ in. for back; 2 strips of leatherette for door hinges; 2 upholstery nails for handles; 4 pieces 1in. softwood $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for inside supports; 2 strips 1in. wood $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for floor stands.

To Make: Glue four wood supports to inside edge of sides and 3-16in. in from back and flush with front. Glue in back. This gives surface for top, bottom, and doors to be glued to. Hinge doors to front of cupboard with strips of leatherette, use upholstery nails for door handles, and glue on the back and front floor stands.

DOLL'S FURNITURE

Chair Materials: 2 pieces softwood $2 \times 2 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for seat and back; 4 pieces $\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ in. for legs.

To Make: Shape seat and back with a sharp knife, or cut with a fretsaw, glue back to seat of chair, then glue on legs.

Dining-table Materials: 1 piece softwood $5 \times 3 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for top; 2 pieces softwood for legs 1in. long and tapering in width from 1in. at top to 2in. at bottom; 1 piece of softwood for centre rest $3 \times 1 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in.; 2 blocks for bottom of legs $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in., and two blocks for top of legs $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in.

To Make: Glue legs to top and bottom blocks, and glue centre rest to legs, level at top, then glue to table-top.

LOUNGE CHAIR

Materials: 1 piece softwood $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for seat; 1 piece $2 \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for front; 1 piece $2 \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for back; 2 pieces $3 \times 3 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for ends; material to cover chair.

To Make: Glue front piece to seat and round off front edge. Shape top of back and cover back and seat with material. Glue these two covered pieces together at a slight angle, nail on ends, which can be rounded or left square.

LOUNGE

Materials: 1 piece softwood $6 \times 3 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for seat; 1 piece $6 \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for front; 1 piece $6 \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for back; 2 pieces $3 \times 3 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. for ends; 2 pieces material.

To Make: Glue front piece to underside of seat and round off front edge. Shape top of back and cover back and seat with material. Glue these two covered pieces together at a slight angle, nail on ends, which can be left square or shaped.

GALLOPING HORSE

Materials: 4in. length of wire; 1in. crank axle; 4 wheels $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ x 1in.; 1 piece of wood for base $6\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in.; 3 pieces of softwood for upright $3\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in.; 2 blocks of 1in. wood for back axle; 1 piece of 1in. wood $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ x 1in. for front axle; 8 washers and 4 screws.

To Make: Trace horse according to diagram, and cut out in 1in. softwood. From the baseboard cut a piece from one end $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. to take the crank axle used at back and the wire attached to the crank axle and the hind legs.

Glue the three pieces for the upright together, having the centre piece 1in. shorter than the other two—this allows room for the horse to plunge. Glue the two 1in. blocks underneath base, and either side of the piece cut out at back, and glue piece for front axle in position. Screw horse with

round screws and washers either side to upright glued to base, then fix crank axle to wheels through back axle-blocks. Screw on front wheels to front axle with washers either side, and hook and adjust wire from rear legs to crank axle so that horse gallops as back wheels turn on crank axle.

Continued from page 19

No. 2134.—HUMPTY DUMPTY AND WALL

Materials: 1yd. 36in. white plastic for face and ears; 1yd. 36in. white felt to line face and ears; 1yd. 36in. plastic for body; 1yd. 36in. plastic for shoes, eyes, buttons, and bow-tie; 1yd. 36in. white pique for suit front; 1yd. red-and-white check for jacket; 1yd. 24in. white buckram for hat; 1yd. 1in. green ribbon for hat-band.

For Wall: 1yd. red Indian Head; tube of white fabric paint; sable paint-brush (for painting 1in. brick lines); 2 zippers 16in. long, neckline style. Pattern Price, 2/-.

No. 2136.—INDIAN TEPEE

Materials: 1yd. orange denim, 36in. wide; 1yd. yellow denim (lining), 36in. wide; 11in. square of heavy cardboard; 1 package of 12in. pipe cleaners; 1 package of green dye; fabric paint in red, green, yellow, blue, and white; sable paint brush; thread to match; 1 zipper, 14in. long—neckline or handbag style. Pattern Price, 2/-.

No. 2135.—WILD TIGERS

Materials: 2 yards yellow wool felt, 36in. wide; 2 yards yellow plastic (lining), 36in. wide; 1 yard orange felt, 36in. wide (coat and mouth); 1 piece blue felt, 8in. by 18in. (trousers); 1 yard dark green felt, 36in. wide (umbrella); 1 yard light green felt, 36in. wide (umbrella lining); scraps of black and white felt (eyes); cotton wadding; black fabric paint and sable brush; 1 wooden button mould, 1in. size; heavy wire (similar to wire dress-hangers) for reinforcing small tiger's legs, tail, and for umbrella handle; finer wire for umbrella ribs; thread to match; 1 zipper, 14in. long—neckline or handbag style; 1 zipper, 24in. long—slipcover style; 1 zipper, 27in. long—slipcover style. Pattern Price, 2/-.

Coupon for felt toy patterns

READERS who wish to obtain actual-size pattern sheets and complete instructions for making the four felt toys illustrated on page 16 should fill in the coupon below and forward it with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Strike out patterns not required.
IF MORE THAN TWO SHEETS ARE REQUIRED, SEND TWO STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES.

Fill in the coupon clearly, using ink. Name, address, and State should be clearly printed.

Please forward patterns and instructions for felt giraffe, duckling, tree bear, and rabbit

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

Two stamped (3d.), addressed envelopes are enclosed.

Strike out line not required.

DOCTORS PROVE Palmolive Soap

can bring YOU...

a lovelier complexion in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK FOR THESE COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes—and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO: Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.



REGULAR SIZE
ECONOMY BATH SIZE



- * AUSTRALIA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO
- * THE TASMA TRIPLET IS A TRANS-PORTABLE RADIO.
- * USE IT AS A MANTEL-BEDSIDE PORTABLE OR CAR RADIO.
- * ASK YOUR RETAILER FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION.
- * AUTOMATIC REACTION WHEN ON POWER MAINS GREATLY EXTENDS BATTERY LIFE.

£5 will be paid for the best comic strip used in this series. Send suggestions to Thom & Smith Ltd. 919 Botany Rd. Mascot, Sydney, N.S.W.

TASMA-82

WOOL dressed is well dressed

because nothing equals wool
for appearance, comfort,
protection and long wear.

A man just naturally looks and
feels good in clothing that gives
him freedom and comfort, yet
keeps its handsome wrinkle-free
crispness in all conditions.

There is no substitute for WOOL.

*You'll need a pullover
or cardigan* Your best
friend after a hard game—and
the perfect lounge. The reversible
wool slip-on or pullover is a good
choice for double duty.

You'll need a sportcoat

The new swing is to the single-breasted
coat with not-so-wide shoulders — and
belted coats are on the way back.
(In fact, there's a rumour that the Norfolk
jacket, not seen since the '20's, is
returning!) Soft textured tweeds and
flannels are the fabric news.

Nothing equals
WOOL
for casual comfort

*You'll need an extra pair
of wool slacks* You'll live in them.
Wool is the practical fabric —
and the smartest. Wool slacks
hold their crease, don't bog
at the knees. Remember the trend
is to the straight and narrow.
Cuffs or not — it's up to you.

*You'll need swim trunks
and a casual shirt*

Pack a pair of wool trunks for
action-free swimming and positively
no shivers. Add a bright coloured
wool shirt that will stay unwrinkled
— and give you room to move
your shoulders — keep you
comfortable in the worst of the
heat. (Wool is naturally
absorbent — remember?)

You'll need wool ties and socks

Go for small neat designs this year —
big florid patterns are out. And wool ties
because they don't crease and they do
stay knotted. Wool socks because they're
absorbent, don't sag or wrinkle underfoot.

Inserted by the Australian Wool Board.

3575

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 15, 1941

Something to talk about

FICTION

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

It was a week or so after their tenth wedding anniversary that the Brenns ran out of conversation. It happened quite suddenly after dinner, when they were sitting over their coffee.

"Did I tell you," asked Elinor, "that I had a letter from Mother to-day?"

"Yes," answered Ralph politely and waited for further details. There were none forthcoming. Instead there was a long silence, during which Elinor strove painfully to think of something she hadn't told Ralph. After five minutes of strained hush and set smiles, Ralph spoke.

"Gosh who I saw on the train this morning?" he asked playfully.

"Aunt Martha," answered Elinor, putting a prompt halt to that game. "You told me."

Then, simultaneously, they both suggested going to the local cinema, to see a double feature they had seen the previous week. The suggestions were received enthusiastically by husband and wife, and the rest of the evening was spent without need of further conversation.

For the next week they travelled miles in search of films they hadn't seen, even going as far as fifty miles in one night to see an 'old one they'd missed. The following week the car broke down in protest. This provided some conversation.

"Did the man at the garage say what was wrong?" asked Elinor.

"No," answered Ralph regretfully, and then, feeling the need for amplification, he added, "He didn't."

Elinor thought for a moment or two and hit upon a gambit.

"Maybe it's the carburettor," she suggested happily, at the same time making a mental inventory of other parts of a car for subsequent use.

Ralph was very co-operative. "It could be the carburettor," he said. "On the other hand, it could be something else."

Elinor looked at him affectionately. Ralph was always so helpful.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose it could be something else."

"I'm terribly sorry I hit you," the girl with red hair was saying to him.

Ralph smiled at her. Elinor was really a dear. "It might be the spark-plugs," he said. "Remember the trouble with them last year?"

"Of course I remember," answered Elinor ecstatically, and for half an hour they reminisced about the spark-plug trouble of last year.

Unfortunately, the topic had its limitations. When Ralph finally broke down and confessed that this time he wasn't sure it was the spark-plugs, Elinor had a headache and couldn't remember any items in her inventory.

For several days Ralph neglected the Stock Exchange, spending his time in town inventing subjects for discussion with his wife. He even went so far as to buy a book entitled "Conversations of the Great." It didn't do much good. Somehow he couldn't bring himself to visualise Elinor as George Sand and himself as Chopin.

Elinor took to staying home and memorising the contents of the morning newspaper in preparation for the night ahead. This didn't work, either, because Ralph had read the paper and had a retentive memory.

What made matters even worse was that they were sincerely fond of each other. They always had been, ever since they were children living in the same street, attending the same school, and going to the same parties. Their parents had been close friends and from the very outset had set their hearts on the eventual mating of their offspring.

When Ralph went to university it was assumed by all concerned that Elinor would be with him at football matches or house parties.

Try as she might, Elinor could never recall the exact words of

Ralph's proposal. She remembered the night perfectly. She was wearing a white bouffant dress and Ralph had a spot on the lapel of his dinner jacket which she removed with spot-remover. They dined at an expensive restaurant with three other couples and then went on to a dance.

About two in the morning the party broke up and Ralph drove Elinor home. As usual, he kissed her chastely and then deviated from normal by proposing. But, for the life of her, Elinor couldn't remember his words. She was often tempted to ask Ralph, but she felt that her loss of memory might be misinterpreted as a show of disloyalty. Had she asked him, she would have discovered that he had forgotten, too.

For ten years they had lived together harmoniously, and now they were speechless. Neither of them blamed the other. In fact, any censure was self-directed. They kissed, they smiled, they sat side by side, but they couldn't talk.

Then, as abruptly as it had come, the constraint disappeared. It was a Friday, and as usual Ralph took the ten-past-five train from town and was met at the station by Elinor, and Elinor was full of words.

"Ralph," she said, after he had kissed her dutifully, "a terrible thing has happened. Mother's ill."

For just a moment Ralph experienced a sensation of acute relief. Here was a topic of conversation that could endure for days. Almost instantly he suppressed his ignoble emotion and forcefully substituted a feeling of commiseration. Actually, he was very fond of his mother-in-law. She was their only surviving parent. She was in Torquay visiting Miriam Coots, Elinor's elder sister.

"What's wrong?" asked Ralph.

"It's her heart. Miriam thinks I ought to go as soon as possible."

They were still talking long after they arrived home. They talked through dinner and deep into the night. They talked next morning as Ralph drove Elinor to the station and only stopped talking long enough for a warm farewell kiss.

Exactly a week after Elinor's departure, Ralph met Maggie Parker. He was playing golf when a voice behind him shouted, "Fore!" Before he could turn, he was struck on the head by a ball that would have undoubtedly gone two hundred and sixty yards had he not been in the way.

When Ralph came to, he was lying on the green, about ten yards from the hole, with his head on a woman's lap.

"Don't move," said the voice, and as Ralph moved he realised that the voice belonged to the woman in whose lap he was reposing.

He turned to look at her, and suddenly his heart was throbbing in unison with his head. The lady was the prettiest he had seen for a long time. Ralph particularly was taken with the lustrous red hair.

"Hello," said Ralph inanely.

The lady's eyes smiled. "I'm afraid I hit you," she said.

"That's all right," said Ralph, when suddenly something began to clang in his head. It turned out to be an ambulance.

It was only a mild concussion. In fact, the effect of Maggie Parker's ball was nothing compared to the effect of Maggie Parker. The unhappy memory of days of enforced silence between himself and Elinor vanished, and Ralph found himself inarticulate, voluble, epigrammatic, and ecstatically in love.

Please turn to page 24



ILLUSTRATED BY
LEONARD GREEN

M

MAGGIE was in love, too, but this was not unusual. At the tender age of seventeen Maggie eloped to America with her first husband; at nineteen she flew from Reno into the arms of a second; at twenty-three she revisited both Reno and the altar; and at twenty-nine, her current age, she was back in England and free once more.

The fact that Ralph was married in no way deterred her.

But Ralph felt an acute sense of guilt at being so irrationally happy while poor Elinor was in Torquay chained to a sickbed. Her daily letters were health bulletins, fluctuating between hope and despair.

Ralph faithfully answered each bulletin with a daily report of his own. Not wishing to upset Elinor, he omitted mention of his concussion, which was long since cured, or of his infatuation, which was obviously incurable. Nevertheless, he meant to do the honorable thing. The moment mother recovered or passed on he intended to ask Elinor for a divorce.

"Poor Elinor!" said Ralph, and he was so moved that he sliced his shot. And again, "Poor Elinor!" echoed Maggie, and she laid her ball professionally on to the green.

Torquay is an ideal summer resort. At least this was Elinor's conviction as she sat regarding the pleasing countenance of Peter Carrington.

Fortunately Mother had had a good night, and Elinor's presence was not required at the bedside.

Her meeting with Peter had been quite accidental. She was driving her sister's car to the post office to post Ralph's letter. She was thinking of him when suddenly a car rammed her bumper. Both cars stopped and both drivers alighted. By the time they

had exchanged looks and licences, they both realised they were smitten.

From the very outset Peter had proved more than gallant. He insisted upon paying for the damage to the bumper.

"After all," said Peter, as he handed Elinor a five-pound note, "it was my fault. You see, this is the first time I've driven in fifteen years." It transpired that Peter had only just returned to civilisation. For years he had been on anthropological expeditions, the latest one having taken him to the upper or lower reaches of the Congo—Elinor was never quite sure which—out of touch with white men (except for a handful of companions) and any white women.

"But now I'm back," said Peter with such fervency Elinor had to check herself from telling a total stranger how much she'd missed him.

Then followed a perfectly delightful twenty minutes in a nearby garage. Peter insisted that the work be done forthwith and that he drive Elinor home.

During the drive home Peter told Elinor quite a bit about the tribal customs of the natives, including their mating habits. Elinor was fascinated, until gradually the reiteration of the word "mating" reminded her that she was married.

"You ought to meet my husband," she said with a sudden surge of loyalty. "He'd be so interested."

Peter flinched. He had been at the point of telling her that, in one tribe, it was considered excellent form for a tribesman to do away with the husband of a woman whom he desired.

In the days that followed, love blossomed, but Elinor

Continued from page 23

knew she must return to Ralph, lay the situation clearly before him, and ask for her freedom.

A week after their meeting, Mrs. Coots, Elinor's mother, passed away peacefully and without suffering. It was a blow to Elinor, but Peter was most consoling.

Ralph phoned every day, filled with contrition at not being at his wife's side, but the Stock Exchange was livening up and Elinor had persuaded him not to come down for the funeral. Ralph was sincerely moved by the loss of his mother-in-law, and Maggie was most helpful. She did her best to keep his mind off the subject.

However, now that Mrs. Coots had died, there was no longer a valid excuse to keep Elinor from returning to her home and husband.

True, Peter recalled a little-known aboriginal custom that required a daughter's attendance at her mother's home for a period of three to six months, but Elinor countered this with the reminder that she had already abandoned her husband for upward of thirteen weeks.

So the aboriginal theory was scotched and a civilised decision taken. Elinor would leave the following day, and, after a decent interval, Peter would follow her. This would give Elinor time in which to soften up Ralph and prepare him for the impending blow. Then she and Peter would face her husband and ask him for a divorce.

It was early on Saturday afternoon when Elinor embarked on her homeward journey, and Ralph and Maggie were, naturally, on the golf course. They had just reached the twelfth hole when the subject of their

future was broached by Maggie.

"When are you going to tell her?" asked Maggie.

"Oh," said Ralph. "Well, I don't want to hurry it. After all, she must still be pretty upset about her mother."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Maggie flatly.

Before they had finished the eighteenth an agreement had been reached not to see each other until Elinor, having recovered from her mother's loss, should be in a sufficiently Spartan mood to sustain the loss of her husband.

They decided that Ralph would communicate with Maggie by phone daily.

It was amazing how much Ralph and Elinor had to say to each other when he met her the following morning. First there were the condolences from Ralph, followed by Elinor's lengthy recital of her mother's illness.

Then there was a short but satisfactory question-and-answer period about Elinor's journey. This gave way to a grand tour of the house, accompanied by a flow of compliments from Elinor on how neat everything looked.

So engrossed were Ralph and Elinor with domesticity that it was not until well after dinner that they got around to the delicate subjects of Maggie and Peter.

"I met a very interesting man in Torquay," said Elinor, carefully looking at her shoes. "He's an anthropologist."

"That so?" said Ralph, also examining Elinor's shoes. "Matter of fact, I met a very interesting woman while you were away. She plays golf."

Having introduced their respective dramatis personae, they both felt a definite sense of relief. Abruptly and hastily

Maggie and Peter were expelled from the stage, to be replaced by Gertrude (the maid who had given notice); Miriam, the late Mrs. Coots, Ralph's employer, and other less dangerous characters.

In the days that followed, Ralph and Elinor continued to talk, but their conversations were punctuated by stretches of silence.

This time, however, it was a different kind of silence, induced by a sense of guilt. The arid stretches came when one or both of them was reminded, by some stray phrase, of Maggie or Peter.

Elinor wrote to Peter every other day, and Peter phoned her twice a week.

Finally, the decent interval during which Peter and Elinor were to be apart lapsed, and Peter announced that he intended to come to town immediately.

When Ralph came home late that afternoon there ensued a silent night second to none in the history of their hushed interludes. It wasn't all Elinor's fault. That morning Ralph had had a very disturbing twenty minutes on the phone with Maggie. Maggie was unhappy. Maggie was restless.

Maggie had insisted that Elinor must be told at once, and when Ralph tried to argue his protestations failed to move her.

She demanded a showdown, not over the phone but over a luncheon table, face to face.

Finally Ralph gave in, and a tete-a-tete was arranged for the following day at Ralph's favourite restaurant, the Club Four Hundred and Eight.

At eight-forty the next morning, five minutes after Ralph had left the house, the telephone bell woke Elinor out of a restless sleep.

"Darling," said a fervent voice.

RATHER loudly and sleepily Elinor answered, "Ralph, where are you?"

There was a short pause and then the voice, several degrees cooler, came through again. "This is not Ralph," said. "This is Peter."

Elinor was never at her best in the early morning. This particular morning found her unusually dull.

She had had a trying night punctuated by a nightmare in which she found herself floating down (or up) the Congo with Peter and a rather repellent witch doctor. They were in a canoe, and the witch doctor was marrying her to Peter. "Peter?" she asked wearily.

"Peter!" answered the voice loudly and firmly.

That woke her completely. "Peter," she said.

"Well," said Peter, "you certainly don't seem very glad I'm here."

"Of course I'm glad," said Elinor.

"I'm coming right out," said Peter.

"Oh, no!" said Elinor hastily. "I'll come to town. I'll meet you for lunch."

"Where?" asked Peter curiously.

Elinor hesitated. "Any place you like," she said.

"It's ages since I've been to London," said Peter. "I hardly know it."

For a moment Elinor was nonplussed. Then suddenly she remembered.

"The Club Four Hundred and Eight," she said.

Peter was the first to arrive at the club. He wandered up and down the foyer, ill at ease, until his eyes suddenly encountered a small but prepossessing animal, a clipped, miniature poodle with a high collar and a strong resemblance to an aboriginal chief.

Please turn to page 26

only **KAYSER** gives you

a whole **WARDROBE** OF **SLIPS**

hip-slip or petticoat style
plain or prettied
slim or full-skirted

(A)

(A) Kayser Hip Slip in "Celanese" Jersey, 5" lace hem, S.W. W. 29/11

(B)

(B) Kayser tailored slip in "Celanese" Jersey with wide lace trim at bra-top and hem, 32" to 40" bust, 45/-

(C)

(C) Kayser Slip in "Celanese" Jersey with nylon ruffle at bra-top and hemline, 32" to 40" bust, 49/6

(D)

(D) Kayser Slip with four-gored skirt, tailored mid-riff, trimmed with Alencon lace, 32" to 40" bust, 23/11

(E)

(E) Kayser full skirted hip slip in "Celanese" with wide nylon tulle ruffle, S.W. to W. 29/6

All the above Styles obtainable in Peach and White

Ask to see **KAYSER SLIPS**

You'll find **JUST WHAT YOU WANT**



flavour comes to the party...that fresh-fruit flavour everybody loves



There's a refreshing difference about the flavour of Kia-ora 50-50 that makes it the ideal party drink. Everyone enjoys 50-50. Made from the juiciest oranges and lemons, it's healthful . . . invigorating. Just add iced water to make 26 long, cooling drinks from one bottle.

Kia-ora 50-50

New, exciting Kia-ora Topping for all Summer Sweets

In your favourite flavours



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr.

Entirely in the American tradition—Mrs. Vanderbilt is fascinating to look at, stimulating to know. Her eager spirit floods out through her excitingly beautiful face—a face that speaks for her with enchanting effect, because it mirrors her charming real self.



Mrs. Vanderbilt's wonderful complexion has the rose-petal coloring so perfect with her blonde hair, her blue-violet eyes. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It is a beautiful cream."

Don't hide that exciting woman—your inner self

Let her help you to find a lovelier you

ANY WOMAN'S CHARM is stifled by a dull feeling of inferiority—a disbelief in her own possibilities. Yet—no woman needs to stay discouraged with herself. *You can change. You can be lovelier.* A wonderful inner power can help you. A power growing out of the give-and-take between your Outer Self and Inner Self—the way you look, the way you feel.

This power lights your face with magic confidence when you look your loveliest—and know it. But, *not show* your best self—and it dulls you at once. That's why it means so much to take pains about the daily essentials that help you look charming, feel confident.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Never, never grow lazy about the care you give your complexion. Every lovely face must have lovely skin. This treatment with Pond's Cold Cream makes faces feel—and look—very soft, absolutely sparkling! And, because it is cream cleansing, it's never drying. Do it always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too)—this way:

Hot Stimulation—give your face a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue again—lightly.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Literally, this works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "I like this Pond's treatment. It leaves my skin feeling especially soft."

Always remember—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Looking lovely lights you with confidence—brings stars to your eyes, new charm to your face—draws others closer to the Inner You.



Get a jar or tube of Pond's Cold Cream today!

PEC 28

Something to Talk About

Continued from page 24

PETER muttered "Nice fellow," and leaned down to stroke the tufted head.

There was a sharp yelp and a definite nip. At that psychological moment Maggie entered, looking decorative in a tailored suit.

"Iodine!" shouted Maggie with authority.

Five minutes later, when Elinor arrived, Maggie already had the situation well in hand.

She had examined the poodle for any evidence of rabies, put iodine on Peter's finger, and delivered a two-minute lecture to the poodle's owner, a lady who happened to be one of the country's most successful dog-breeders, on how to train a dog.

Peter, suffused with gratitude and admiration for Maggie's red hair and executive ability, was about to tell her of a custom among the aborigines of Australia that held any woman responsible for saving a man's life also responsible for his future happiness and well-being.

Before he could transmit this exotic bit of information he became aware of Elinor's presence.

"Hello, Peter," said Elinor tentatively.

For a moment Peter looked startled, then he rallied.

"Elinor!" he said, grasping her hand. Then he added, "A dog bit me."

"What a pity," said Elinor bravely and truthfully.

"This lady," he continued, with a courtly gesture towards Maggie, "put iodine on my finger."

Peter smiled benignly half at Maggie and half at Elinor. This proved to be quite a strain on his mouth, so he stopped smiling and continued talking, this time to Maggie alone. "I'm afraid I don't know your name."

"I'm Maggie Parker," said Maggie with deadly accuracy.

"I'm Peter Carrington," said Peter, "and this is—"

"Well, hello," said a stunned voice. Ralph had arrived.

Everybody started talking at once. Out of the general jumble emerged odd phrases, "Man I told you about," "Lady who golfs," "My wife," "My husband."

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the clamor ceased, and the four of them stood staring at each other helplessly. It was Ralph who said, "What do you say to all lunching together?"

The suggestion was an unqualified success. Maggie held forth about the relative merits of fairways in the east as opposed to fairways in the north, south, and west.

Peter confided in her that he had never played golf, but that he'd like to try. This latter statement instantly endeared him to Maggie.

After Maggie had completed her tour of our national fairways, Peter took over. He spoke with eloquence of the mating rites of the Polynesians, the marital habits of the ancient Egyptians, and the love cults of the Aztecs.

Ralph found himself staring at the wall. Elinor dozed fitfully.

But Maggie was fascinated. She confessed to Peter that she had always been lured by

"far-away places." Above all, she longed to break away from effere civilisation and try the golf courses of Africa and Asia.

At three o'clock Ralph interrupted a description of head-hunting in New Guinea by stating that he had to go back to work. Simultaneously, Elinor remembered that she had a fitting at her dress-maker's, and Maggie, Peter, Elinor, and Ralph went their separate ways.

An hour or so later, on her way to the station in a taxi, Elinor thought, for a moment, that she glimpsed Peter and Maggie in front of a large jeweller's window.

That night there was silence in the Brent home. There was much that both Elinor and Ralph had to think about, but it was private thinking, unshared and unuttered.

Next morning Elinor waited for a call from Peter, but by afternoon she had still had no word.

Meanwhile, Ralph was wondering what had happened to Maggie. He had phoned her twice, but each time was informed that she was out.

That night, at dinner, Elinor heard from Peter and Ralph from Maggie. Together with the dessert Gertrude's successor brought two telegrams, one for Elinor and one for Ralph. They were quite similar in content. Elinor's read: "Maggie and I are getting married. Forgive me and forget me—Peter."

Ralph's read: "Peter and I are getting married. Forget me and forgive me—Maggie."

In silence they read their telegrams and then they silently exchanged them. There was a long pause.

"Humph!" said Ralph.

"Well!" said Elinor.

Then the flood gates opened and a torrent of words poured forth. There was no recrimination, only incredulity that a man as intelligent as Ralph could fall for so transparent a woman as Maggie, and that a woman as stable and knowing as Elinor could be taken in by a man like Peter.

They talked and talked until six in the morning. At nine, after three hours' sleep, Ralph phoned his office and pleaded a cold so that their talk could continue.

By nightfall they had only skimmed the surface; they continued to talk through the night, through Saturday, through Sunday, and on and on.

There was so much to be discussed—the relative merits of fairways in the north, south, east, and west; the native customs of the Orient and the Occident, both ancient and modern; how unhappy Elinor would have been with Peter; how miserable Ralph would have been with Maggie; and how unutterably tortured Maggie and Peter must be together.

There was no limit now to the range and variety of their conversations. And so they talked happily ever after.

(Copyright)

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Children LOVE this laxative!



Prescribed by doctors—easiest for mothers!

Everybody likes Laxettes—the laxative that tastes and looks just like fine chocolate!

No spoons, no fuss, no spilling, no waste! Laxettes are so gentle and sure—with such a soft, easy motion. Get a box, 2/6, today!

LAXETTES
the chocolate laxative



Make friends with the Sun

For summer, day after day, to keep you cool and fresh, use NYAL KWIK TAN.

NYAL KWIK TAN is a skin cream which you rub on to your face and body. It keeps you cool and fresh, and it makes your skin look like a sun-kissed glow. It's the best thing you can use for your skin in the summer.

NYAL KWIK TAN is available in 2/6 and 4/6 boxes. Get it today!

NYAL KWIK TAN

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the sides of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. As fast it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Dermatologist called Nixoderm. Nixoderm stops the itch in 2 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. On Nixoderm from your chemist under positive guarantee to get your foot itch or money back.

A short story By MARGARET BATHE

ANN shifted in her chair and yawned. The nine o'clock boredom had set in. As her yawn died away, Jim's yawn started. He flung his book down, rubbed his eyes, and peered at the clock.

"Seems a very long evening," he remarked, and stared vacantly about the room. Nine o'clock, he thought, an awkward time of night—too late to go anywhere, too early for bed. "How about going out for a walk?" "I don't think I ought to go. Sally might wake up," Ann said. "But you go, dear."

"No, I don't think I'll bother," he picked up the paper and scanned the entertainments pages. "I see there's a good film on here next week."

Ann sat up, interested. "We must make an effort to see it."

"You'll have to go one night and I'll go another."

She looked wistfully into the fire. "That's not much fun, is it?"

"But what can we do about it?"

Ann considered. She wondered if it would be any use advertising again for a sitter. They'd tried twice before with no response at all. Still, there was no harm in trying again—third time lucky, perhaps?

She put the suggestion to Jim. He looked dubious. "Waste of money." "It might not be this time. Let's try. You draft an advertisement and I'll take it along to the Gazette."

Three days later one reply came, written on blue paper. It ran:

"Dear Parents of Good Baby. I would be delighted to sit with your baby. I am a student of economics and I desperately require a quiet room in which to study. You needn't pay me anything. I am afraid I am not over thirty-five, as you asked—as a matter of fact I am just over twenty—but old for my age, if you understand me, and I love babies. I do hope you will give me a trial. Yours sincerely, Joy Jordan."

That evening Ann and Jim waited to interview Miss Jordan. Sally waited with them, for it was she who would have the final word. Sally was the one who might wake, and she would want to see a face she liked bending over her cot.

The bell rang. Ann jumped up to answer it. She blinked at the girl in the doorway—she was hatless and wore a navy-blue school-type rain-coat.

"Mrs. Ralph? I'm Joy Jordan."

"Do come in," Ann stepped back, hoping that the dismay she felt hadn't crept into her voice. This girl couldn't be twenty.

She led the way into the sitting-room. Jim got up. He stared hard at Miss Jordan, then he said, "Sit down, my dear."

Miss Jordan sat down. "I know what you're thinking," she said calmly, "but I really am twenty."

Ann cleared her throat and looked across at Jim. He was studying Miss Jordan with undisguised admiration. Ann studied her, too, and had to admit the girl was something to admire.

"I suppose this is the good baby," Miss Jordan said, looking at Sally.

Sally, aged three and a half, had red hair and blue eyes and a mind of her own. She considered Miss Jordan for thirty breathless seconds, then said in a small but distinct voice, "I will make you a pudding."

Ann sighed with relief. Translated, that meant "I like you." Sally sometimes varied the phrase. "I

Miss Jordan was busy on the telephone. Sally, wide-awake, was in her arms.

Quaint Miss Jordan

will make you a lubbly pudding" meant "I love you."

It was decided that Miss Jordan should sit in on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"Quaint, isn't she?" Jim said musingly when the girl had gone.

"Very," Ann agreed.

Wednesday evening found Sally safely asleep in her cot. The quaint Miss Jordan was sitting at the table surrounded by textbooks.

"Well, we're off," Jim announced. Ann pulled on her gloves. "I don't suppose Sally will wake, but if she does, just—"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Ralph," Miss Jordan said in a quiet, efficient voice, "I'll manage."

"Er..." Jim hesitated. "You'll be all right, won't you? The house is a bit isolated, but there's nothing to be afraid of, absolutely nothing. Just bolt the front door after us, the back door is already bolted. And you've got the telephone, of course, and we won't be late, and I'll run you home. So..." He broke off as he caught Ann's warning glance.

"Why did you look at me like that?" he asked as they got into the car.

"All that talk about doors and bolts—were you trying to scare her?"

"Of course not. I was trying to reassure her. She's such a little thing. I almost feel she ought to have someone to sit with her."

"I rather care for that," Ann said a trifle sarcastically, "a sitter to sit with the sitter."

"Now, now," he patted her hand.

"This is the first time we've been out together for months. Do let's enjoy it."

That's what I intend to do, Ann thought, and this she did until the end, when the hero was dying so beautifully and, alas, so prematurely. Then Ann became aware that Jim was fidgeting.

She turned to look at him. He

was frowning at the cinema clock.

"It's not over yet," Ann said.

"I'm thinking of Miss Jordan," he hissed in her ear. "It's a quarter to eleven."

"Well, she hasn't to bother about transport—you're running her home."

But Jim was out before the An- them, and Ann with him.

"She'll be all right," Ann panted as Jim hurried her to the car park.

"I don't suppose she's ever been alone in a house before," Jim said.

"She might be paralysed with fear."

He was wrong. When they arrived home, Miss Jordan was listening contentedly to a mournful Greek play on the radio.

"Were you frightened?" Jim asked solicitously.

"Of course not, Mr. Ralph."

"Did Sally cry?" Ann asked. This, she felt, was more important.

"Not a whimper," Miss Jordan assured her.

"Well, get your coat," Jim said.

"I'll run you home."

She got up. "You don't have to, I've still time to get a bus."

"I'll take you home," Jim said firmly.

Well, at least, Ann thought, she doesn't play on her youthful looks and diminutive size.

Saturday, Wednesday, Saturday, and Wednesday again Miss Jordan turned up faithfully, and was not frightened. But Jim still had a conscience about her. Their exodus from the cinema was undignified, the drive home dangerous.

Ann began to seethe. It was most frustrating never to see the end of a film.

On the third Saturday of Miss Jordan's successful sitting-in, the programme was unusually short. It was months since Ann had had supper out. She laid a hand on Jim's arm.

"Let's have some supper."

"We haven't time. It will be eleven before we get home. That's

too late for a girl of her age to be out."

Miss Jordan, of course. "She isn't out, she's in," Ann said wearily.

"And she's twenty." He helped her into the car.

"As a matter of fact," Ann said, "I don't think Miss Jordan likes us back too early. There was one night, when she was listening to a Bach concert, I remember she seemed distinctly cross with us."

"Nonsense!"

She made one more effort. "Darling, let's go and have supper. Just this once."

"It's too late now," he said.

Too late! It was too much. "All right," she said tremblingly, "I shall tell Miss Jordan to-night she's too young for the job. And until we find a middle-aged woman whom you won't want to rush home to we won't have an evening out."

"What do you mean?" Jim said angrily. "A woman I won't want to rush home to! Are you suggesting... You're jealous!"

They glared at one another.

He's fallen for her schoolgirl charm, Ann told herself. She could have cried, but she wouldn't. They didn't speak again and Jim drove furiously.

She leaped from the car when it stopped outside the garage doors. She opened the front door with her own key and burst into the hall. Then she stopped abruptly.

Miss Jordan was telephoning. One arm held Sally.

"What's happened?" Ann exclaimed. "Sally—is she ill?"

Sally turned her head at the sound of her mother's voice and gurgled. She pointed to the living-room.

"Man," she crowed delightedly.

Man! Ann looked at Miss Jordan and made for the sitting-room.

"It's only a burglar," Miss Jordan said casually over her shoulder. "The police are coming." She rang off.

"Burglar!" Jim exclaimed, coming into the hall.

"It's all right," Miss Jordan reassured him. "He's tied up."

They went into the sitting-room. A man lay on the floor. He was trussed up with a curtain cord, and a tea-towel had been bound round his mouth.

Miss Jordan put Sally down.

"I had to gag him," she said apologetically. "He was swearing so. Besides, he might have gnawed his way through the cord."

"But, but, but..." Jim found his voice at last. "Let's get this straight How—who tied him up?"

Miss Jordan looked patient. "I did. He knocked his head on the sideboard going down and passed out just long enough for me to get the cord round him. He made such a noise he woke Sally."

Jim cleared his throat. He hadn't got everything straight yet. The burglar was big; Miss Jordan was little. "How did you do it?"

"Ju-jitsu," she explained nonchalantly. "I was wondering when I'd get a chance to use it."

Jim stared at her. Ann said in a cracked voice, "Well, thank you very much, Miss Jordan."

"Not at all," the girl replied. "I enjoyed it."

Ann's brain reeled. Then she thought: After this I can't possibly tell her she's too young to sit in with Sally.

She looked at Jim. His gaze was fixed on Miss Jordan. Admiration was in it, but tinged with disapproval. A quaint little thing like this had no business to be so self-sufficient.

A car roared to a stop outside and a moment later the doorbell pealed. Two jolly policemen were let in by Jim. They asked a number of questions, patted Miss Jordan's head (though keeping their distance), then carried the burglar away.

"I'll take you home," Jim said hollowly.

Ann picked up Sally.

"I won't be long," Jim said from the door.

Ann smiled. "I will make you a lubbly pudding," she said.

"I will make you a lubbly pudding, too," he replied.

And thereafter they saw all their limbs through to the (often) bitter end.

(Copyright)



Daddy is a

GENTUS

By CHARLOTTE

UNDERWOOD



there," he said, "is a bird. Mind you, Melody, I'm all for birds in the normal course of things, but at the moment I am in the middle of a tone poem and this bird keeps going 'tweedle.' Tweedle, if you please!"

"Yes, Daddy," Melody said, patiently. "I'll see what I can do."

"That's a good girl." Forsythe came forward and struck a dramatic pose, one arm on the landing rail and his foot on a stool. "You can't miss it. It tweedles in A sharp major. I—ah—may have thrown a few things, Melody."

"I'll pick them up, darling. Get back to your tone poem. Oh, but Daddy—"

Forsythe, about to re-enter his room, turned inquiringly. "You do mean to get dressed, don't you?" asked his daughter anxiously.

Forsythe looked down at the shawl's lavish folds, tightened the knot, and frowned at his daughter. "I found it on the piano," he explained.

"Yes, I know," Melody said. "And it's very becoming. But, Daddy, this is the day Rob's coming, and you promised—"

"Rob?" Forsythe appeared to search his memory.

"You know, darling. Rob Evans. I told you all about him. My young man."

"Oh, that fellow." Forsythe's brow cleared. "But you're mistaken, Melody, my love. His name is Jim."

"No, Daddy! That was another one ages ago. Oh, please!" Melody was rather shocked to hear her own voice break. She had hoped that this time everything would be all right. And now, this week-end of all week-ends, Daddy had been inspired to compose a tone poem.

Forsythe sat down on the stool, modestly adjusting his sarong. "My child," he said, "you are not to be upset, to-day of all days. I distinctly remember your mother saying so this morning. Come here and tell me all about it."

Melody flew across the landing to kneel in front of him, folding her arms on his knees. "It's Rob. I met him at

Natalie's, and I've been seeing a lot of him since. He's coming today. He's never been here before. And oh, Daddy, I think I'm most awfully in love with him. And you promised—look at me, Daddy!—you swore the most solemn oath to be on my best behaviour."

"Naturally," Forsythe said reprovingly. "With a guest in the house."

"But he's not just any old guest, Daddy. I think—I think probably he's going to ask you—"

Melody stopped, blushing. It had all seemed so blissfully correct in the stately Evans library.

Forsythe was peering anxiously into her face. "If it's money, Melody, you know I very rarely have any."

"Oh, no!" Melody's head tossed indignantly. Then she giggled. "I think he's going to ask you for my hand."

"Oh," Forsythe said, relieved. "Well, that's easily settled." He got to his feet, hitching his shawl around him, and frowned portentously.

"No," I shall say simply—but with great dignity—"No, young man, I want any part of my daughter, in all or nothing. How's that?"

"You wouldn't!" But, Melody thought despairingly, the trouble was that you couldn't be sure. Daddy was a darling, and by the known standards of genius not unreasonably eccentric, but somehow completely seemed to bring out the—well, the unpredictable side of him. She stood up and moved down the steps, perhaps if she could make her mother understand—really understand—this once—

"Don't forget that bird," Forsythe called.

She found her mother looking thoughtful in the flower garden. In the deck chair set where the back lawn began its gentle cascade to the river below, Melody's sister, Charlotte, was sunbathing.

"Mother," Melody said, "you simply got to do something about Daddy. He's going to spoil everything."

"No, dear, he is not," her mother said soothingly. "I had a long talk with him this morning and seemed quite clear about it all."

MELODY, my own true love!" The studio door on the upper landing bounced open and Forsythe the Champion, clad simply but distinctively in a fringed Spanish shawl slung round his middle and tied in a casual knot in front, struck a pose of desperation on the threshold. "Will you do something for your poor aged father?"

Melody, turned from her dusting—the sound of a vacuum-cleaner disturbed her father's muse—"If I can, Daddy. What is it?"

Forsythe made a sweeping gesture towards the windows of the wide sun-drenched studio behind him. "Out

He was a famous musician, but his daughter wondered if he'd strike the right note with her fiancé

"That," Melody said, "was before inspiration struck. To-day, of all days!"

"If I hear that phrase once more," Charlotte observed placidly, without opening her eyes, "I am going to do something we'll all regret. Who is his Rob Evans anyway?"

"One of Melody's friends," her mother explained.

"Just the scion of the Evans family," Melody said loftily. "Just the heir of one of the oldest musical families in the country. Oh, Mother, you could see their house! All shabby antiques and family portraits, and they think Forsythe Champion is the most distinguished composer in the British Isles. I mean, honestly, they feel honored that we've asked Rob here. What is he going to think?"

"That rather depends," her mother said, "on whether it's you he thinks he wants to marry or Forsythe Champion's daughter, doesn't it?"

Charlotte's voice behind her said early, "If you're ashamed of your family, why ask these friends of ours to come here?"

Melody whirled around. "Oh, you know it's not that, Charlotte." Her sister, looking at her from the superiority of five years in age, and marriage to a promising second violin, raised a sceptical eyebrow. "I adore Daddy, and you know it," Melody said, sitting down on the nearest of Charlotte's chair. "It's not—well, being a genius' daughter is disadvantages. I thought you'd understand." But talking to Charlotte in the atmosphere of unadmitted contentment she always generated about herself wherever she went, Melody knew that she would not understand. "Oh, you're so—married!" she said crossly.

"And..." Charlotte began competently, "I'll be a mother in three months."

Three months! Melody sighed ecstatically. "The darling. I hope to have Daddy's nose and eyes." "I don't really care," Charlotte said. "As long as he has ten fingers and only one head and grows up to be a conductor, I don't really care."

"Melody!" Her father's voice, pitched to despair, soared round the corner of the house, followed by a truly spectacular chord from the piano, and she jumped to her feet.

"Daddy's bird! I forgot."

A scattering of the studio's more portable furnishings on the lawn gave evidence of the bird's probable whereabouts; but before Melody had time to do more than reconnoitre, Forsythe Champion's august head appeared out of the open window.

"I say, Melody."

"Yes, Daddy. I'm awfully sorry—" "Did you hear that chord?"

"I certainly did."

"Magnificent, wasn't it?"

"Utterly, darling."

"Blasted the little feathered fugleman right off his perch, I couldn't wonder."

"I expect so. I can't hear him now."

Forsythe nodded with great satisfaction and prepared to withdraw his head. Then, like a turtle with an afterthought, he thrust it out again. "I say, Melody."

"Yes, Daddy?"

"Ah—when you have a moment, you might just phone for that piano-funer fellow. The loud pedal seems to have gone and got itself jammed."

Melody sighed. She said "But, darling, I can't. The phone's out of order."

"Oh?" Forsythe's eyebrows seemed to consider this an inexplicable phenomenon: rather than the logical results of his having torn the

telephone up by the roots in a splendid gesture of rage at its infernal ringing. "Well, in that case you'll simply have to drive over and summon the man yourself. I cannot be expected to compose a tone poem upon an instrument that plays only fortissimo, now can I?"

"No, Daddy. All right, I'll go. If," Melody added firmly, "you will solemnly promise to be dressed by the time I get back."

Forsythe promised and Melody set out for the town in the conviction that now nothing could possibly go right with the week-end. Rob would come, as other friends from his sort of environment had come, and the inevitable embarrassments would happen—and it would be all over.

But it wasn't Daddy's fault. It never occurred to him, the kindest man in the world, that just by being himself he reduced people to silly little stuffed caricatures. It certainly never occurred to him, in his direct simplicity, that he embarrassed and confused people, making his own daughter ashamed, not of him but of the smallness of her own friends. And it hadn't really mattered too much before. Only with Rob, she thought wistfully, with Rob she couldn't bear to see it happen.

Rob Evans was a good hour and a half early and he knew it. So carefully had respect for punctuality been drilled into him that he always allowed at least an hour for possible emergencies and, should the emergencies fail to arise, used the extra time at the trip's end sitting in some quiet spot and collecting himself.

Meeting people always made him nervous. He had been a shy boy and had grown into a diffident young man, although years of discipline and the Evans family social life had trained him not to show it. Now, faced with the awful responsibility of meeting not only Forsythe Champion but also Melody's father, he was plunged into an agony of shyness.

He had parked the car along the road just out of sight of the gates of the Champions' house and settled down to composing himself.

He had been there for less than five minutes when Charlotte, grimly carrying out her doctor's instructions to walk at least two miles every day, rounded the bend and, with a look of astonishment, spotted the car. Rob, feeling every inch a fool, groped for Melody's map that lay on the seat beside him and made an effort to look like a man who has simply paused to check his bearings.

"Hallo," Charlotte said. "Lost?"

"No," Rob assured her. "Well, I mean not exactly. I'm on my way to the Champions."

"Thank goodness!" Charlotte breathed. "The piano man." Rob smiled shyly, somewhat taken aback by the warmth of her greeting, but not in the least put out at being identified by his father's famous product. He was used to it.

"You're a new one, aren't you?" she went on, inspecting him with frank appraisal. "No wonder you got lost. Drive on round that next bend and then—No, I'll go with you. It will save time."

Rob, slightly bewildered by her insistence upon saving a commodity he had been diligently trying to waste, swung open the far door.

"I couldn't be more relieved," Charlotte said, settling back. "Mr. Champion has been simply raving." Apparently seeing the expression of alarm that crossed Rob's face, she added soothingly, "Not at you, personally, of course. Just at pianos in general and the Evans in particular. Oh, but you don't know that, do you? I keep forgetting. I suppose my sister

couldn't get Jack to come at such short notice."

"I don't know," Rob mumbled diffidently, as a sprawling white house perched above a small stream came into view. Melody had not mentioned any Jack that he could remember, and he assumed that—

"You pull in here," Charlotte said. "You can go straight in. The studio is at the top of the stairs. You'll find Mr. Champion there."

Sunlight spilled from an open door down a wide staircase. Silhouetted against it was the unmistakable classic head of Forsythe Champion himself as immortalised in a score of famous portrait studies. Any sense of familiarity, however, ended there. Below a broad and muscular chest, the great man was attired in what appeared to be a very ornate tablecloth complete with fringe.

"So there you are!" Forsythe Champion bellowed. "Come on up here and have a look at this."

Somewhat reassured by the invitation, Rob mounted, to be received with a jovial handclasp and a hearty, "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. It's the fortissimo, you know, that makes it so hard. Pianissimo could have waited for Monday. I say, where's your bag?"

"I left it in the car," Rob said, relieved at finding himself on more intelligible ground. "There seemed to be some—well, some hurry."

"Never mind that now," Forsythe said gaily, urging him forward into the studio. "You can always go and get it if you find you need it. Now there"—he gestured towards a magnificent Evans concert grand that filled the whole far end of the room—"there's the rotten, traitorous blighter that's disrupted my whole morning's work. H—ve a look at it, will you?"

Rob stepped forward docilely, but under the surface meekness a far different and, to him, unusual emotion was beginning to stir.

He had not minded the lack of ceremony in his welcome; he had not minded being ordered about like a—like a piano-tuner, he thought bleakly; he had not resented being asked to repair his host's musical instruments before he was even shown his room. But to stand by while this most magnificent specimen of the Evans art was reviled as a rotten and traitorous

"What is it?" asked Melody, pausing in her dusting as her shawl-clad father took up a dramatic pose.

blighter—no, not even Forsythe Champion could get away with that.

Rob Evans had been born and reared among pianos. A cursory examination was enough to show him what ailed this one. He swung around to face his host. "I will repair your piano," he said softly, almost dreamily. "And after it's repaired I'd advise you to keep the children or Barbary apes or whatever's been at it away from it. Because there's nothing wrong with it except that it's been misused by some thick-headed ignoramus."

It was, perhaps, an inner voice of prudence murmured, not the best way of establishing cordial relations with the father of the girl he wished to marry, but there were limits to even Rob Evans' forbearance.

"Is that so?" The great man's celebrated features were slightly suffused with red. "Well, let me tell you, young man, that no hands ever touch that instrument except those of Forsythe Champion—although to a person of your limited culture the name probably means nothing."

"Forsythe Champion," Rob said evenly, drawing himself erect, "is Britain's foremost composer to-day. His compositions include the Symphony in G, the Fantasy in A Minor, and the Hebridean Tone Poem. But he treats his piano like a—"

An expression of awed fascination had spread over the great man's face as he listened. "You—don't—say!" he murmured in a voice that was like the far rumble of an overtaxed volcano. "Young man, a piano-tuner who is able to rectify the works of

Champion is rare enough, but one with the unmitigated gall to presume to refer to my piano technique as that of a—a thick-headed ignoramus, I believe you said?"

"And a Barbary ape," Rob repeated firmly.

"Thank you. And a Barbary ape—is beyond the outposts of human imagination." Here Forsythe Champion lunged the drooping corner of his shawl across his shoulder, strode to the piano, and struck a chord so powerful and reverberant that the glass complained in the window sashes. "There!" he said, jutting an arrogant chin over his shoulder at Rob.

"You—you tympanist!" Rob shouted over the echoes. "I will not stand here and—"

But his host was not listening. A look of childlike wonder and delight had broken over the suffused features, and Forsythe Champion was running his fingers over the keys in a supple arpeggio. "I say," he exclaimed, "that seems to have fixed it. Come and try for yourself."

Rob advanced hesitantly. It was as Champion said. "Quite so," he murmured, deflated. "Well, in that case, sir, you won't need me."

"Remarkable!" Forsythe said, shaking his head. "I would never have dreamed— It happens quite frequently, you know, and every time I've had to send for a tuner." He nodded happily, running a hand over the deep-gleaming wood. "Made to my order by the finest company on earth. Listen to this tone."

Please turn to page 30

ENSIGN TIES

THE BEST

are smarter than
ever in fine-loomed
wool and silk with unique

INNERSPRING

construction!

The fabric springs back
into shape...
the wrinkles spring out!

And in dozens of exciting new
patterns at your nearest mercer
— only 10/6.

ENSIGN — the largest
tie manufacturers in Australia.

In Paris, London, New York...
lovely women choose



Goya Tale

4/3

Silky-smooth to the skin, in
all the lovely Goya
fragrances.

Handbag

Phials

5/-
The famous phials of
genuine luxury Goya
perfume.

Bath
Essence

5/-
Utter luxury for the bath.
A few drops perfume the
water. In each of the Goya
fragrances.

Perfumed

Cologne

6/6

Gloriously light for
day and evening, in all
the famous Goya fragrances.

Goya

PARIS
LONDON
NEW YORK

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sole Distributors: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins St., Melb.

CORNBREAD ARISTOCRAT

Cloud Garner

Ambition finds the means to success: ruthless intelligence uses
them in this novel of the American frontier.

18/9 From all Booksellers 18/9

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS,
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

FORSYTHE

played a familiar trickle of
brilliant notes: the final pas-
sage of the Hebridean Tone
Poem. Rob moved closer. For-
sythe shifted over on the stool,
hospitably reeling in his shawl
like a hostess inviting a guest
to sit beside her.

"Glorious, isn't it? That's
the dear little mountain
brooks, released at last from
winter's spell, coming to life
anew as the ice breaks and the
snow melts to feed them," he
added musingly.

"Don't be disgusting," Rob
said absently. "Just play."

"I read that on the cover of
an album. Champion for Kiddies.
As a matter of fact I
have two kiddies of my own,
and I never found it necessary
to—" He broke off with a
guilty start. "One of them," he
said, rising hastily, "had me
solemnly promise that I would
change my clothes before she
came home."

"Why?" Rob asked. "You
look all right."

"Thank you," Forsythe
looked modestly pleased,
glancing down at his be-
shawled legs. "I thought it
becoming, and it is most com-
fortable. However, Melody—
that's my youngest daughter—
has a young man coming for
the week-end and she wants us
all on our best behaviour,
which, in my case, at least,
seems to include pants. So I
think if you'll excuse me—"

Evidently grappling with a
confused recollection of a
host's duty to offer his guests
diversion. Champion caught
up a block of score sheets and
pressed it into Rob's hand.
"Make yourself at home. Com-
pose something."

Melody, returning to the
house some forty-five minutes
after she had left it—and re-
turning, moreover, with the
news that old Jack flatly re-
fused to be hauled out to
Champion's on a Saturday for
love or money—saw the
familiar car in the drive.

"Where is he?" she cried to
Charlotte. "What have you
done with him?"

"In the studio, naturally,"
Charlotte said with lazy aston-
ishment. "Wouldn't Jack
come?"

"No, he wouldn't, and
neither would the other one.
And, on top of that, you just sit
here and don't even raise a finger
to help entertain my boy-
friend when you know Daddy's
in the state he's in and—"

"Shush," Charlotte said. "I'll
do all the proper things by
your boy-friend when he gets
here, Melody."

"When he gets here!"
Melody said. "He is here. Any-
way, his car is."

She pointed, and Charlotte
sat up blinking at the black
car. "His car? Are you
sure?" She put out a hand
and touched Melody's arm.

"Darling, sit down a minute.
I'm afraid I have some bad
news for you. I—we—well,
the truth is we mistook him

Daddy is a Genius

Continued from page 29

for a piano-tuner. We thought

"Oh!" Melody turned and
fled into the house. Halfway
up the stairs she paused at the
sound of furtive steps across
the landing. Her father,
dressed—thank goodness for
small favors—tip-toed to the
studio door and peered in.
"Am I in time? I heard the
car."

"You're safe." Rob's voice
was even and friendly and
good-tempered. "I like the
other costume, though."

"Distinguished, I thought."
"Absolutely. The sort of
thing not everybody can
wear."

"Like to try it on?"
"Well, not right now,
thanks. Look, sir—"

"After lunch, perhaps.
You'll stay to lunch?"

"I'd like to very much, Mr.
Champion"—a note of des-
peration was creeping into

How to earn £40,000,000

AN ex-Cockney junk
man who now deals
in war disposals is the
only man in the world
officially believed to have
made £40,000,000 since
the war.

George John Dawson
found his rainbow when
Germany surrendered in
1945. Guns, tanks, and
trucks were suddenly and
sometimes mistakenly
reclassified as "surplus."

According to a United
States committee investi-
gating Dawson, he got
his hands on £400,000,
000 worth of war goods,
and made a modest 10
per cent. profit.

The story of these
transactions is told in
A.M. for October, now
on sale.

Rob's voice. "There's some-
thing I ought to have told you
before now. I'm—I didn't
come here to tune your
piano."

"But, as it turned out, it
wasn't necessary, so that's all
right," Forsythe said geni-
nally.

"Yes, but I mean—I really
came to ask your permission
to marry Melody."

"My dear fellow, but I'm
afraid that's impossible."
(Daddy, Daddy, no! Melody
screamed silently, paralysed
on the stairs. Don't say it!)

"You see, that's what this other
chap is coming for—the one I
was telling you insists on my
wearing pants. Now personally,
although I've never met the
fellow... But the choice isn't
in my hands, after all. Al-
though," his voice brightened,
"perhaps I could put in a
word—"

"But you won't need to. The
point is, I am Rob Evans."
"Delighted to meet you,
Mr. Evans. My name is Cham-

pion. So, as I was saying, this
chap is coming to ask for
Melody's hand, and do you
know what I shall say?" In
the impressive rhetorical
pause, sheer desperation forced
Melody the rest of the way up
the stairs. "No, I shall say,
'If you want any part of my
daughter, it's all or nothing.'"

"Spoken like a father!" Rob
cried, just as Melody arrived
at the door. "I'll take those
terms."

"Dope!" said Forsythe
Champion.
"Daddy!" Melody said,
stepping into the room.

"Ah, there you are, my
dear," Forsythe observed.
"Funny thing, we were just
talking about you, weren't we,
Mr.—?"

"Evans," Melody said
through her teeth. "Rob
Evans. The one that was com-
ing for the week-end."

"Oh?" said Forsythe. "I
can't remember that you said
he was a piano-tuner as well."

For answer, Melody burst
into tears. Forsythe and Rob
exchanged a glance of mascu-
line bewilderment. Forsythe
said uneasily, "Melody, my
love..." but, at her angry
shake of the head, subsided.
"Well," he added, edging to
the door, "I'm sure you young
people want to be alone, so I'll
just..." He escaped.

Rob moved closer to
Melody, put a tentative arm
around her. Melody trans-
ferred her face from her hands
to his shoulder.

After a moment he said
quietly: "Melody, I was in a
cold sweat about coming here.
The thought of meeting For-
sythe Champion—well, if he
hadn't been your father I
couldn't have done it."

Her face lifted, with wet,
incredulous eyes. "You? I
don't believe it."

"It's a fact. If I'd come at
the right time and had a
proper introduction and all
that, I'd have made an idiot
of myself. And your father
would have said—" Rob
stepped back and threw out
his chest in imposing carica-
ture—"No, young man; you
may not have any part of my
daughter."

Melody giggled. "He really
is very funny, isn't he?"

"Funny! He's marvellous.
But I should think," Rob
added wistfully, "that it would
make other people—people
like mine, say—seem awfully
dull and stuffy."

"Well," Melody considered,
"it's been known to happen.
On the other hand, Daddy's
atmosphere can be a mite hard
to live up to all the time."

"I don't suppose I could.
That's why I was afraid you
might want to change your
mind."

"Why, Rob Evans," Melody
said indignantly. "How could
you possibly think such a
thing?"

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Make friends
with the Sun



NYAL
KWIK TAN



..thanks to
KIWI

THE WAX SHOE POLISH
THAT GIVES
A BRIGHTER SHINE
FOR A LONGER TIME

Nine colours — Black • Dark Tan •
Medium Tan • Tan • Brown • Mahogany
• Ox Blood • Blue • Neutral



AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST
SELLING SHOE POLISH

ASTHMA COUGHS STOPPED WHILE YOU SLEEP

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks
of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your
system, sap your energy, ruin your
health, and weaken your lungs.
Mendocin is a new American scientific
medicine, starts immediately to re-
sults through the blood, quickly
curbing the attacks. The very first
day the thick phlegm is dissolved,
giving free, easy breathing and letting
you sleep the night through in com-
fort. Get Mendocin from your chemist
or store to-day under positive guar-
antee to stop your Asthma coughing
and to give you free, easy breathing
the first day or money back.

They do it with MIRRORS

Fourth instalment of a six-part serial
By AGATHA CHRISTIE

SOON after his unexpected arrival at his former home, Stonygates, CHRISTIAN BRANDSEN is shot dead in the room where he is working. Various disturbing and suspicious events preceded the murder, and INSPECTOR CURRY, assisted by SERGEANT LAKE, is now questioning the rather bewildering assortment of persons in the household.

These include CARRIE LOUISE SERROCOLD, stepmother to Christian by her first marriage; LEWIS SERROCOLD, her present husband; MILDRED STRETE, her widowed daughter; GINA, daughter of her dead adopted child; STEPHEN RESTARICK, stepson of her second marriage; "JOLLY" BELLEVER, her secretary-companion; WALLY HUDD, Gina's American husband; and EDGAR LAWSON, whom Lewis has brought into the household from a reform school adjoining Stonygates, established from the Brandsen Trust funds.

Present as guests are ALEXIS RESTARICK, whose time of arrival casts heavy suspicion on him; also elderly JANE MARPLE, who has come ostensibly to visit her old school friend but actually at the request of RUTH VAN RYDOCK, Carrie Louise's sister, who had an intuitive feeling that danger threatened her.

Most spectacular of the disturbances before the murder was an outbreak by Edgar Lawson when he slandered Lewis Serrocold and shot at him in his study.

It has also been discovered that the tonic Carrie Louise was taking contained arsenic, so that her apparent rheumatism was evidently slow arsenical poisoning. Christian Brandsen knew this. Lewis tells Miss Marple. NOW READ ON:

INSPECTOR CURRY gave Miss Marple a rather peculiar smile as they sat down on opposite sides of the table.

"So Mr. Serrocold has been asking you to act as watch dog in the interests of his wife," he said.

"Well, yes," she said, then added apologetically, "I hope you don't mind—"

"I don't mind. I think it's a very good idea. Does Mr. Serrocold know just how well qualified you are for the post?"

"I don't quite understand, Inspector."

"I see. He thinks you're just a very nice elderly lady who was at school with his wife." He shook his head at her.

"We know you're a bit more than that, Miss Marple. Crime is right down your street. Mr. Serrocold knows only one aspect of crime—the promising beginners. Makes me a bit sick, sometimes. Daresay I'm wrong and old-fashioned. But there are plenty of good decent lads about, lads who could do with a start in life. But there, honesty has to be its own reward—millionaires don't leave trust funds to help the worthwhile." He smiled ruefully.

"Well, don't mind me. As I just said, I'm old-fashioned. I've seen boys—and girls—with everything against them, bad homes, bad luck, every disadvantage, and they've had the grit to win through. That's the kind I shall leave my packet to, if I ever have one. But then, of course, that's what I never shall have. Just my pension and a nice bit of garden."

He nodded his head at Miss Marple.

"Superintendent Blacker told me about you last night. Said you'd had a lot of experience of the seamy side of human nature. Well now, let's have your point of view. Who's the nigger in the woodpile? The G.I. husband?"

"That," said Miss Marple, "would be very convenient for everybody."

Inspector Curry smiled softly to himself.

"A G.I. pinched my best girl," he said reminiscently. "Naturally, I'm prejudiced. His manner doesn't help. Let's have the amateur point of view. Who's been secretly and systematically poisoning Mrs. Serrocold?"

"Well," said Miss Marple judiciously, "one is always inclined, human nature being what it is, to think of the husband. Or if it's the other way round, the wife. That's the first assumption, don't you think, in a poisoning case?"

"I agree with you every time," said Inspector Curry.

"But really—in this case—" Miss Marple shook her head. "No, frankly—I can not seriously consider Mr. Serrocold. Because you see, Inspector, he really is devoted to his wife. Naturally he would make a parade of being so—but it isn't a parade. It's very quiet, but it's genuine. He loves his wife, and I'm quite certain he wouldn't poison her."

"To say nothing of the fact that he wouldn't have any motive for doing so. She's made over her money to him already."

"Of course," said Miss Marple primly, "there are other reasons for a man wanting his wife out of the way. An attachment to a young woman, for instance. But I really don't see any signs of it in this case. Mr. Serrocold does not act as though he had any romantic preoccupation. I'm really afraid," she sounded quite regretful about it, "we shall have to wash him out."

"Regrettable, isn't it?" said the Inspector. He grinned. "And anyway, he couldn't have killed Brandsen. It seems to me that there's no doubt that the one thing hinges on the other. Whoever is poisoning Mrs. Serrocold killed Brandsen to prevent him spilling the beans. What we've got to get at now is who had an opportunity to kill him. And our prize suspect—there's no doubt about it—is young Walter Hudd."

"It was he who switched on a reading-lamp which resulted in a fuse going, thereby giving him the opportunity to leave the Hall and go to the fuse box. The fuse box is in the kitchen passage which opens off from the main corridor. It was during his absence from the Great Hall that the shot was heard. So that's suspect No. 1 perfectly placed for committing the crime."

"And suspect No. 2?" asked Miss Marple.

"Suspect 2 is Alex Restarick, who was alone in his car between the lodge and the house and took too long getting there."

"Anybody else?" Miss Marple leaned forward eagerly—remembering to add: "It's very kind of you to tell me all this."

"It's not kindness," said Inspector Curry. "I've got to have your help. You put your finger on the spot when you said 'Anybody else?' Because there I've got to depend on you. You were there, in the Hall last night, and you can tell me who left it..."

"Yes—yes, I ought to be able to tell you... But can I? You see—the circumstances—"



"We leave the Hall with all that excitement going on? Of course not!" Gina assured the inspector.

"Miss Bellever went out—but I think—I am almost sure—that that was after the shot. Mrs. Strete? I really don't know. She was sitting behind me, you see. Gina was over by the far window. I think she remained there the whole time, but of course I cannot be sure. Stephen was at the piano. He stopped playing when the quarrel began to get heated—"

"We mustn't be misled by the time you heard the shot," said Inspector Curry. "That's a trick that's been done before now, you know. Fake up a shot so as to fix the time of a crime, and fix it wrong. If Miss Bellever had cooked up something of that kind (far fetched—but you never know) then she'd leave as she did, openly, after the shot was heard. No, we can't go by the shot." He thought a moment.

"No," he continued. "The limits are between when Brandsen left the Hall and when Miss Bellever found him dead, and we can only eliminate those people who were known not to have had opportunity. That gives us Lewis Serrocold and young Edgar Lawson in the study, and Mrs. Serrocold in the Hall. It's very unfortunate, of course, that Brandsen should be shot on the same evening that this schemozzle happened between Serrocold and this young Lawson."

"Just unfortunate, you think?" murmured Miss Marple.

"Oh? What do you think?"

"It occurred to me," murmured Miss Marple, "that it might have been contrived."

"So that's your idea?"

"Well, everybody seems to think it very odd that Edgar Lawson should quite suddenly have a relapse, so to speak. He'd got this curious complex about his unknown father, Winston Churchill and Viscount Montgomery—all quite likely in his state of mind. Just any famous man he thinks of."

Please turn to page 33



Patolaine again leads the hit parade in summer knitwear. Whether your choice be cotton or rayon, Patolaine has the perfect style for you.

There's a delightful range waiting for you at your favourite store.

Look for Patolaine! Ask for Patolaine! For cool casual comfort, you'll love Patolaine.

for cool, casual comfort
Patolaine
 summer knitwear

WITH THE P.L.B. SHIELD GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

DISTRIBUTED AND GUARANTEED BY PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD.

JANE MARPLE passed, then said quietly, "Suppose somebody puts it into Edgar's head that Lewis Serro-cold is his father, that it's Lewis Serro-cold who has been persecuting him—that he ought by rights to be the Crown Prince of Sonnyvates. In his weak mental state he'll accept the idea, work himself up into a frenzy, and sooner or later will make the kind of scene he did make."

She ended emphatically, "And what a wonderful cover that will be! They will all have their attentions fixed on the dangerous situation that is developing—especially if somebody has thoughtfully supplied him with a revolver."

"Hm, yes, Walter Hudd's revolver."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Marple, "I'd thought of that. But you know, Walter is uncommunicative and he's certainly sullen and ungracious, but I don't really think he's stupid."

"So you don't think it's the Walter?"

"I think everybody would be very relieved if it was Walter. That sounds very unkind, but it's because he is an outsider."

"What about his wife?" asked Inspector Curry. "Would she be relieved?"

Miss Marple did not answer. She was thinking of Gina and Stephen Restarick standing together as she had seen them on her first day. And she thought of the way Alex Restarick's eyes had gone straight to Gina as he had entered the hall last night. What was Gina's own attitude?

Two hours later Inspector Curry tilted back his chair, stretched himself, and sighed. "Well," he said, "we've cleared a good deal of ground."

Sergeant Lake agreed. "The servants are out," he said. "They were together all through the critical period—those that sleep here. The ones that don't live in had gone home."

Curry nodded. He was suffering from mental fatigue.

He had interviewed physiotherapists, members of the teaching staff, and what he called to himself the "two

young lads" whose turn it had been to dine with the family that night.

All their stories dovetailed and checked. He could write them off. Their activities and habits were communal. There were no lonely souls among them. Which was useful for the purposes of alibis. Curry had kept Dr. Maverick, who was, as far as he could judge, the chief person in charge of the institute, to the end.

"But we'll have him in now, Lake."

So the young doctor bustled in, neat and spruce and rather inhuman-looking behind his pince-nez.

Maverick confirmed the statements of his staff and agreed with Curry's findings. There had been no slackness, no loophole in the college impregnability. Christian Brandsen's death could not be laid to the account of the "young patients," as Curry almost called them.

"But patients is exactly what they are, Inspector," said Dr. Maverick with a little smile.

It was a superior smile, and Inspector Curry would not have been human if he had not resented it just a little.

He said professionally: "Now as regards your own movements, Dr. Maverick? Can you give me an account of them?"

"Certainly. I have jotted them down for you with the approximate times."

Dr. Maverick had left the Great Hall at fifteen minutes after nine, with Mr. Lacy and Dr. Baumgarten. They had gone to Dr. Baumgarten's rooms, where they had all three remained discussing certain courses of treatment until Miss Bellever had come hurrying in and asked Dr. Maverick to go to the Great Hall.

That was at approximately half-past nine. He had gone at once to the hall and had found Edgar Lawson in a state of collapse.

Inspector Curry stirred. "Just a minute, Dr. Maverick. Is this young man, in your opinion, definitely a mental case?"

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 31

Dr. Maverick smiled the superior smile again.

"We are all mental cases, Inspector Curry."

Tomfool answer, thought the Inspector. He knew quite well he wasn't a mental case, whatever Dr. Maverick might be!

"Is he responsible for his actions? He knows what he is doing, I suppose?"

"Perfectly."

"Then when he fired the revolver at Mr. Serro-cold it was definitely attempted murder."

"No, no, Inspector Curry. Nothing of that kind."

"Come now, Dr. Maverick. I've seen the two bullet holes in the wall. They must have gone dangerously near to Mr. Serro-cold's head."

"Perhaps. But Lawson had no intention of killing Mr. Serro-cold or even of wounding him. He is very fond of Mr. Serro-cold."

SOMEWHAT

terribly, Inspector Curry said, "The young man evidently has a curious way of showing his fondness."

Dr. Maverick smiled again. Inspector Curry found that smile very trying.

"Everything one does is intentional. Every time you, Inspector, forget a name or a face it is because, unconsciously, you wish to forget it."

Inspector Curry looked unbelieving.

"Every time you make a slip of the tongue, that slip has a meaning. Edgar Lawson was standing a few feet away from Mr. Serro-cold. He could easily have shot him dead. Instead, he missed him. Why did he miss him? Because he wanted to miss him. It is as simple as that."

Mr. Serro-cold was never in any danger—and Mr. Serro-cold himself was aware of that fact.

"He understood Edgar's gesture for exactly what it was—a gesture of defiance and resentment against a universe that has denied him the simple necessities of a child's life—security and affection."

"I think I'd like to see this young man."

"Certainly, if you wish. His outburst last night has had a good effect. There is a great improvement to-day. Mr. Serro-cold will be very pleased."

Inspector Curry stared hard at him, but Dr. Maverick was serious as always.

Curry sighed. "Have you any arsenic?" he asked.

"Arsenic?" The question took Dr. Maverick by surprise. It was clearly unexpected.

"What a very curious question. Why arsenic?"

"Just answer the question, please."

"No, I have no arsenic of any kind in my possession."

"But you have some drugs?"

"Oh, certainly. Sedatives, morphia—the barbiturates. The usual things."

"Do you attend Mrs. Serro-cold?"

"No. Dr. Gunter, of Market Kimple, is the family physician. I hold a medical degree, of course, but I practise purely as a psychiatrist."

"I see. Well, thank you very much, Dr. Maverick."

As Dr. Maverick went out, Inspector Curry murmured to Lake that psychiatrists gave him a pain in the neck.

"We'll get on to the family now," he said. "I'll see young Walter Hudd first."

Walter Hudd's attitude was cautious. He seemed to be studying the police officer with a slightly wary expression. But he was quite co-operative.

There was a good deal of detective work in Stonygate—the whole electric system was very old-fashioned. They wouldn't stand for a system like that in the States.

"It was installed, I believe, by the late Mr. Brandsen when electric light was a novelty," said Inspector Curry with a faint smile.

"I'll say that's so! Sweet old feudal English and never been brought up to date."

The fuse which controlled most of the lights in the Great Hall had gone, and he had come out to the fuse-box to see

about it. In due course he got it repaired and came back.

"How long were you away?"

"Why that I couldn't say for sure. The fuse-box is in an awkward place. I had to get steps and a candle. I was maybe ten minutes—perhaps a quarter of an hour."

"Did you hear a shot?"

"Why, no, I didn't hear anything like that. There are double doors through to the kitchen quarters and one of them is lined with a kind of felt."

"I see. And when you came back into the hall, what did you see?"

"They were all crowded round the door into Mr. Serro-cold's study. Mrs. Stride said that Mr. Serro-cold had been shot—but actually that wasn't so. Mr. Serro-cold was quite all right. The boob had missed him."

"You recognised the revolver?"

"Sure I recognised it! It was mine."

"When did you see it last?"

"Two or three days ago."

"Where did you keep it?"

"In the drawer in my room."

"Who knew that you kept it there?"

"I wouldn't know who knows what in this house."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Hudd?"

"Aw, they're all nuts!"

"When you came into the hall, was everybody else there?"

"What do you mean by everybody?"

"The same people who were there when you went to repair the fuse."

"Gina was there . . . and the old lady with white hair . . . and Miss Bellever . . . I didn't notice particularly—but I should say so."

"Mr. Brandsen arrived quite unexpectedly the day before yesterday, did he not?"

"I guess so. It wasn't his usual routine, I understand."

"Did anyone seem upset by his arrival?"

Walter Hudd took a moment or two before he answered. "Why, no, I wouldn't say so."

"Have you any idea why he came?"

AGAIN Walter took a moment or two before answering. Then he said, "I suppose Mr. Brandsen came about their precious Trust. The whole set-up here is crazy."

"You have these 'set-ups,' as you call it, in the States."

"It's one thing to endow a scheme and another to give it the personal touch as they do here. I had enough of psychiatrists in the army. This place is stiff with them. Teaching young thugs to make raffia baskets and carve pipe-racks. Kids' games! It's silly!"

Inspector Curry did not comment on this criticism. Possibly he agreed with it. He said, eyeing Walter carefully, "So you have no idea who could have killed Mr. Brandsen?"

"One of the bright boys from the college practising his technique, I'd say."

"No, Mr. Hudd, that's out. The college, in spite of its carefully produced atmosphere of freedom, is none the less a place of detention and is run on those lines. Nobody can run in and out of it after dark and commit murders."

"I wouldn't put it past them! Well—if you want to fix it nearer home, I'd say your best bet was Alex Restarick."

"Why do you say that?"

"He had the opportunity. He drove up through the grounds alone in his car."

"And why should he kill Christian Brandsen?"

Walter shrugged his shoulders. "I'm a stranger. I don't know the family set-ups. Maybe the old boy had heard something about Alex and was going to spill the beans to the Serro-colds."

"With what result?"

"They might cut off the dough. He can use dough—uses a good deal of it by all accounts."

"You mean—in theatrical enterprises?"

"That's what he calls it."

"Do you suggest it was otherwise?"

Again Walter shrugged. "I wouldn't know," he said.

Please turn to page 34

MUM knows how to keep all the family healthy

She relies on Beecham's Pills
the Safe, Effective Laxative



SAFE because Beecham's Pills contain no harmful habit-forming drugs—they are a purely vegetable laxative.
EFFECTIVE because Beecham's Pills balanced formula gives natural laxative action without harsh purgative effects—banishes constipation.
MOTHERS know how to keep growing children in their teens fit and happy—with Beecham's Pills, the family laxative.

TAKE

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



The Barrier Reef City

Royal palms, banyan trees and poincianas give shade and romantic tropic beauty to the streets of Mackay—the loveliest city in Queensland.



Luxury day tours through scenery like this!

Until you see golden canefields against towering tropical mountains you don't know the full beauty of Australia. A choice of twelve absorbing tours including pineapple farms, the town where Melba lived, sugar mills at night time and picnics in mountain groves of palms. (Above) Coconut Grove, Seaford Beach via Mackay.



(Above) **Brampton Island** just two hours from Mackay. Here you lace away your days in glorious sunshine, surrounded by whispering palms. You sleep in private cabins or suites, with entertainment and meals in a community hall. Full week £102.0, inclusive of yacht fare. Half-week tariffs from £59.6. Lindeman Island is another tropic paradise, 40 miles from Mackay and you spend a full week there for £135.0 inclusive of return fare. Send coupon for full information.

To Ian Wood, P.O. Box 293, Mackay, Queensland.

Dear Sir,

Please send me full details of tourist accommodation in Mackay and Barrier Reef islands, together with information on Mackay beauty spots.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

Mackay in the spring and right through to January gives you precious extra hours of sunshine and so many lazy ways of enjoying it, that a fortnight spent there becomes your holiday of a lifetime.

You can spend magic days on tropical islands so easily accessible from Mackay—and on beaches just meant for long summer days and moonlit nights.

You can experience the blissful pleasure of four to five days cruise through ninety tropical islands to the Barrier Reef.

In between times spend days in Mackay itself, making daily trips by luxury coaches, discovering the beauty of sun-drenched golden canefields and jungle-forested mountains.

We'll plan your holiday so that all this variety of lazy days in the "Honolulu of Australia" will cost no more than any routine holiday where you are anchored in one spot.

Do come to Mackay for your holiday this year—or plan a Mackay holiday next year—and please book early.



Romantic cruises to the Barrier Reef every week.

These craft actually reach the outer reef as well as the sheltered coral. You often have nights ashore on beautiful Lindeman, Brampton, Daydream and South Molle Islands. Food is fine and appetites are hearty. "Silverwake" 4½ days, 8 passengers. £16/15/0; "Roylen" 5 days, 16 passengers, £22.

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 33

ALEX RESTARICK was voluble. He also gestured with his hands.

"I know, I know! I'm the ideal suspect. I drive down here alone, and on the way to the house I get a creative fit. I can't expect you to understand. Now should you?"

"I might," Curry put in dryly, but Alex Restarick swept on.

"It's just one of those things! They come upon you there's no knowing when or how. An effect—an idea—and everything else goes to the winds. I'm producing 'Limehouse Nights' next month. Suddenly—last night—the set-up was wonderful. . . . The perfect lighting. Fog—and the headlights cutting through the fog and being thrown back—and reflecting dimly a tall pile of buildings."

He gestured expressively. "Everything helped! The shots—the running footsteps—and the chug-chugging of the electric power engine—could have been a launch on the Thames. And I thought—that's it—but what am I going to use to get just these effects? And—"

Inspector Curry broke in. "You heard shots? Where?" "Out of the fog, Inspector. Alex waved his hands in the air—plump, well-kept hands. "Out of the fog. That was the wonderful part about it."

"It didn't occur to you that anything was wrong?"

"Wrong? Why should it?" "Are shots such a usual occurrence?"

"Ah, I knew you wouldn't understand! The shots fitted into the scene I was creating. I wanted shots. Danger—opium—crazy business. What did I care what they were, really? Backfires from a lorry on the road? A poacher after rabbits?"

"They snare rabbits mostly round here."

Alex swept on: "A child letting off fireworks? I didn't even think about them as—shots. I was in Limehouse—or rather at the back of the stalls looking at Limehouse."

"How many shots?"

"I don't know," said Alex petulantly. "Two or three. Two close together, I know that."

"And the sound of running footsteps, I think you said? Where were they?"

"They came to me out of the fog. Somewhere near the house."

Inspector Curry said gently, "That would suggest that the murderer of Christian Brandsen came from outside."

"Of course. Why not? You don't really suggest, do you, that he was inside the house?"

"We must consider everything."

"I suppose so," said Alex Restarick generously. "What a soul-destroying job yours must be, Inspector! The details, the times and places, the pettifogging pettiness of it. And in the end—what good is it all? Does it bring the wretched Christian Brandsen back to life?"

"There's quite a satisfaction in getting your man, Mr. Restarick."

"The Wild Western touch!" "Did you know Mr. Brandsen well?"

"Not well enough to murder him, Inspector. I had met him, off and on, since I lived here as a boy. One of our captains of industry. The type does not interest me."

"Do you take any interest in poisons, Mr. Restarick?"

"In poisons? My dear man, he was surely not poisoned first and shot afterwards."

"He was not poisoned. But please answer my question."

"Poison has a certain appeal. . . . It has not the crudeness of the revolver bullet or the blunt verapin. I have no special knowledge of the subject, if that is what you mean."

"No knowledge about arsenic?"

"None at all. Sorry."

"How often are you down here, Mr. Restarick?"

"It varies, Inspector. Sometimes not for several weeks. But I try to get down for weekends whenever I can. I always regard Stonygates as my home."

"Mrs. Serrocold has encouraged you to do so?"

"What I owe Mrs. Serrocold can never be repaid. Sympathy, understanding, affection—"

"And quite a lot of solid cash as well, I believe?"

Alex looked faintly disgusted.

"She treats me as a son, and she has belief in my work."

"Has she ever spoken to you about her will?"

"Certainly. But may I ask what is the point of all these questions, Inspector? There is nothing wrong with Mrs. Serrocold."

"There had better not be," said Inspector Curry grimly.

"Now what can you possibly mean by that?"

"If you don't know, so much the better," said Inspector Curry. "And if you do—I'm warning you."

When Alex had gone Sergeant Lake said, "Pretty bogus, would you say?"

Curry shook his head.

"Difficult to say. He may have genuine creative talent. He may just like living soft and talking big."

"After all, sir, one of those smart lads may have got out of the College buildings unbeknownst, and if so—"

"That's what we're meant to think. Very convenient. But if that's so, Lake, I'll eat my new soft hat."

STEPHEN RESTARICK said, "I was at the piano. I was strumming softly when the row blew up. Between Lewis and Edgar."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well—to tell the truth I didn't really take it seriously. The poor beggar has these fits of venom. He's not really loopy, you know. All this nonsense is a kind of blowing off steam. The truth is, we all get under his skin—particularly Gina, of course."

"Gina? You mean Mrs. Hudd? Why does she get under his skin?"

"Because she's a woman—and a beautiful woman—and because she thinks he's funny! That makes the poor fellow suffer terribly."

"Are you suggesting that Edgar Lawson is in love with Mrs. Hudd?" asked Inspector Curry.

Stephen replied cheerfully: "Oh yes. As a matter of fact we all are, more or less! She likes us that way."

"Does her husband like it?"

"He takes a dim view. He suffers, too, poor fellow. The thing can't last, you know. Their marriage, I mean. It will break up before long. It was just one of those war affairs."

"This is all very interesting," said the Inspector. "But we're getting away from our subject, which is the murder of Christian Brandsen."

"Quite," said Stephen. "But I can't tell you anything about it. I sat at the piano, and I didn't leave the piano until dear Jolly came in with some rusty old keys and tried to fit one to the lock of the study door."

"You stayed at the piano. Did you continue to play the piano?"

"A gentle obligato to the life and death struggle in Lewis' study? No. I stopped playing when the tempo rose. Not that I had any doubts as to the outcome. Lewis has what I can only describe as a dynamic eye."

He could easily break up Edgar just by looking at him."

"Yet Edgar Lawson fired two shots at him."

"Just putting on an act, that was. Enjoying himself. My dear mother used to do it. She died or ran away with someone when I was four, but I remember her blazing off with a pistol if anything upset her."

"Indeed. Can you tell me, Mr. Restarick, who left the hall yesterday evening while you were there—during the relevant time?"

"Wally—to fix the lights. Juliet Believer to find a key to fit the study door. Nobody else, as far as I know."

"Would you have noticed if somebody did?"

"Probably not. That is, if they just tip-toed out and back again. It was so dark in the hall—and there was the light to which we were all listening avidly."

"Is there anyone you are sure was there the whole time?"

"Mrs. Serrocold—yes, and Gina. I'd swear to them."

"Thank you, Mr. Restarick."

Stephen went towards the door. Then he hesitated and came back.

"What's all this," he said, "about arsenic?"

"Who mentioned arsenic to you?"

"My brother."

"Ah—yes."

"Has anybody been giving Mrs. Serrocold arsenic?"

"Why should you mention Mrs. Serrocold?"

"I've read of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Peripheral neuritis, isn't it? It would square more or less with what she's been suffering from lately. And then Lewis snatching away her tonic last night. Is that what's been going on here?"

"The matter is under investigation," said Inspector Curry in his most official manner.

"Does she know about it?"

"Mr. Serrocold was particularly anxious that she should not be alarmed."

"Alarmed isn't the right word, Inspector. Mrs. Serrocold is never alarmed. . . . Is that what lies behind Christian Brandsen's death? Did he find out she was being poisoned—but how could he find out? Anyway, the whole thing seems most improbable."

"It surprises you very much, does it, Mr. Restarick?"

"Yes, indeed. When Alex spoke to me I could hardly believe it."

"Who, in your opinion, would be likely to administer arsenic to Mrs. Serrocold?"

For a moment a grin appeared upon Stephen Restarick's handsome face.

"Not the usual person. You can wash out the husband. Lewis Serrocold's got nothing to gain. And also he worships that woman."

"Who then? Have you any idea?"

"Oh yes. I'd say it was a certainty."

"Explain, please."

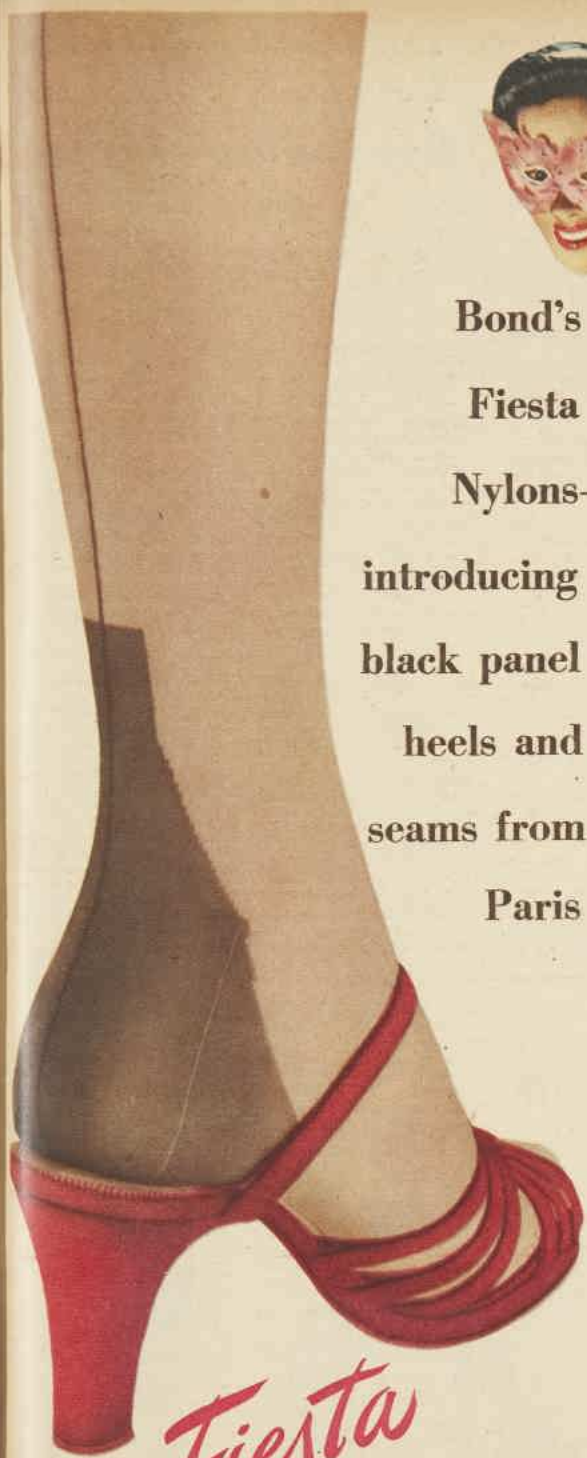
Stephen shook his head. "It's a certainty psychologically speaking. Not in any other way. No evidence of any kind. And you probably wouldn't agree."

Stephen Restarick went out nonchalantly, and Inspector Curry drew cats on the sheet of paper in front of him.

He was thinking three things. A, that Stephen Restarick thought a good deal of himself; B, that Stephen Restarick and his brother presented a united front; and C, that Stephen Restarick was a handsome man where Walter Hudd was a plain one.

He wondered about two other things—what Stephen meant by "psychologically speaking" and whether Stephen could have seen Gina from his seat at the piano. He thought not.

Please turn to page 36



Bond's
Fiesta
Nylons—
introducing
black panel
heels and
seams from
Paris

Fiesta
by BOND'S

For the spice of Parisian naughtiness—the touch of Parisian elegance, Fiesta brings you the new black panel heel. A new jet-black heel that seems even blacker against the filmy 15 denier stocking that slimly hugs your ankle. Three leg-flattering colours—Manana, Serenta and Amor—and straight as a die is Fiesta's jet-black seam . . . (If you like your 15 deniers plain, Bond's are still making your favourite "Fiesta" colour with a plain heel.)

Made on the latest American machinery in a special air-conditioned factory, the nylon in Bond's "Fiestas" cannot contract. That's why they're guaranteed for length, fit, stretch and texture.

More news about heels! This Spring, Bond's Gossamer nylons star the New York Shadow Heel.



Bond's lace-bordered nightgown — cut LOW. Peach and white, sizes SW to OS.

BOND'S
HONEYMOON UNDIES

at everyday prices!



Bond's lace-edged Petti-slip. Smooth-clinging glove silk or shimmering swami, with a firm elasticised waist, gathered skirt, dainty bow trim. Peach and white, sizes SW and W.



Bond's lace-panelled Briefs. Sleek-fitting swami or glove silk, with pretty pleated insets of ruffly lace. Peach and white, sizes SSW to W.

Bond's make the most exquisite matched underwear sets, too!

G They Do It With Mirrors

GINA brought an exotic glow into the Gothic gloom of the library. Even Inspector Curry blinked a little at the radiant young woman who sat down, leaned forward over the table, and said expectantly, "Well?"

Inspector Curry, observing her scarlet shirt and dark green slacks, said dryly: "I see you're not wearing mourning, Mrs. Hudd?"

"I haven't got any," said Gina. "I know everyone is supposed to have a little black number and wear it with pearls. But I don't. I hate black."

She added cheerfully, "Anyway, Christian Branden wasn't really a relation. He's my grandmother's stepson."

"And I suppose you didn't know him very well?"

Gina shook her head. "He came here three or four times when I was a child, but then in the war I went to America, and I came back here to live only about six months ago."

"You have definitely come back here to live? You're not just on a visit?"

"I haven't really thought," said Gina.

"You were in the Great Hall last night when Mr. Branden went to his room?"

"Yes. He said good night and went away. Grandam asked if he had everything he wanted and he said yes—that Jolly had fixed him up fine. Not those words, but that kind of thing. He said he had letters to write."

"And then?"

Gina described the scene between Lewis and Edgar Lawson. It was the same story Inspector Curry had by now heard many times, but it took an added color, a new gusto, under Gina's handling.

"Were you alarmed when they went into the study and

Edgar Lawson locked the door?"

"Oh, no," said Gina, opening her enormous brown eyes very wide. "I loved it. It was so ham, you know, and so madly theatrical. Everything Edgar does is always ridiculous. One can't take him seriously for a moment."

"He did fire the revolver, though?"

"Yes. We all thought then that he'd shot Lewis after all."

"And did you enjoy that?"

"Oh, no, I was terrified, then. Everyone was, except Grandam. She never turned a hair."

"That seems remarkable."

"Not really. She's that kind of person. Not quite in this world. She's sweet."

"During all this scene, who was in the hall?"

"Oh, we were all there. Except Uncle Christian, of course."

"Not all, Mrs. Hudd. People went in and out."

"D'd they?"

"Your husband, for instance, went out to fix the lights."

"Yes. Wally's great at fixing things."

"During his absence, a shot was heard, I understand. A shot that you all thought came from the Park?"

"I don't remember that. Oh, yes, it was just after the lights had come on again and Wally had come back."

"Did anyone else leave the hall?"

"I don't think so. I don't remember."

"Where were you sitting, Mrs. Hudd?"

"Over by the window."

"Near the door to the library?"

"Yes."

"Did you yourself leave the hall at all?"

Continued from page 34

"Me leave the hall with all that excitement going on? Of course not!"

Gina sounded scandalised by the idea.

"Where were the others sitting?"

"Mostly round the fireplace, I think. Aunt Mildred was knitting and so was Aunt Jane — Miss Marple, I mean — Grandam was just sitting."

"And Mr. Stephen Restarick?"

"Stephen? He was playing the piano to begin with. I don't know where he went later."

"And Miss Believer?"

"Fussing about, as usual. She practically never sits down. She was looking for keys or something. Suddenly she asked, 'What's all this about Grandam's tonic? Did the chemist make a mistake in making it up or something?'"

"Why should you think that?"

"Because the bottle's disappeared and Jolly's been fussing round madly looking for it, in no end of a stew. Alex told her the police had taken it away. Did you?"

Instead of replying to the question, Inspector Curry said: "Miss Believer was upset, you say?"

"Oh, Jolly always fusses," said Gina carelessly. "She likes fussing. Sometimes I wonder how Grandam can stand it."

"Just one last question, Mrs. Hudd. You've no ideas yourself as to who killed Christian Branden and why?"

"One of the queers did it, I should think. The thug ones are really quite sensible. I mean they only cash people so as to rob a till or get money or

jewellery. But one of the queers—you know, what they call mentally maladjusted—might do it for fun, don't you think? Because I can't see what other reason there could be for killing Uncle Christian except fun, do you? At least I don't mean fun, exactly—but—"

"You can't think of a motive?"

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Gina gratefully. "He wasn't robbed or anything, was he?"

"But you know, Mrs. Hudd, the college buildings were locked and barred. Nobody could get out from there without a pass."

"Don't you believe it," Gina laughed merrily. "Those boys could get out from anywhere! They've taught me a lot of tricks."

"She's a lively one," said Lake when Gina had departed. "First time I've seen her close to. Lovely figure, hasn't she?"

Inspector Curry threw him a cold glance. Sergeant Lake said hastily that she was a merry one. "Seems to have enjoyed it all, as you might say."

"Whether Stephen Restarick is right or not about her marriage breaking up, I noticed that she went out of her way to mention that Walter Hudd was back in the Great Hall before that shot was heard. Which, according to everyone else, isn't so."

"She didn't mention Miss Believer leaving the hall to look for keys, either."

"No," said the Inspector thoughtfully, "she didn't."

Mildred Strete fitted into the library very much better than Gina Hudd had done.

She looked, Inspector Curry

Beauty in brief:

Eye beautifiers

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Eye make-up calls attention to eyes that are weary, and on those days it is wise to restrict eye decoration to subtle use of eye pencil.

A HERBAL pack or witch-hazel-soaked cotton pads are quick eye picker-uppers. Lie down for five minutes or longer while these do their soothing work. Twice daily bathing with warm water, then with cold, peeps up circulation in a way that is not only beneficial to the eyes themselves but is good for eyelashes, too.

When eyes smart or burn or have been subjected to dust-filled atmosphere, use a mild boracic-powder bath or a recommended eye lotion.

Hollows and dark areas around the eyes are very often due to lack of sleep. So get more sleep. And to help with the process of rounding out such hollows, try a little massage around the eyes. Pat gently with fingertips.

A special cream used in conjunction with the massage improves the treatment. Leave a little cream on overnight when it is possible, or while you rest.

reflected, exactly as the relief of a Canon of the Established Church should look—which was almost odd, because so few people ever did look like what they really were.

Even the tight line of her lips had an ascetic Ecclesiastical flavor. She expressed Christian Endurance, and possibly Christian Fortitude. But not, Curry thought, Christian Charity.

Moreover, it was clear that Mrs. Strete was offended.

"I should have thought that you could have given me some idea of when you would want me, Inspector. I have been

forced to sit around waiting all the morning."

It was, Curry judged, her sense of importance that was hurt. He hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Strete. Perhaps you don't quite know how we set about these things. We start, you know, with the less important evidence—get it out of the way, so to speak. It's valuable to keep to the last a person on whose judgment we can rely—a good observer by whom we can check what has been told us up to date."

Please turn to page 37

It's the wick that does the trick!

Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells! Only Air-wick contains CHLOROPHYLL

Chlorophyll—the wonder substance that nature uses to keep the grass and trees fresh and green—has now been scientifically combined with 125 other compounds used by nature to make Air-wick—the wonder-worker that makes smells non-existent. Air-wick is not a disinfectant. It doesn't just "cover-up" one smell with another—it eliminates smells. It works indoors exactly the way nature works, to keep the air fresh.

Imagine yourself free from cooking smells working in a kitchen where the air is always

"country-fresh". Boil cauliflower, cabbage, fry fish—burn fat, peel onions—with Air-wick in action there is absolutely NO SMELL. The air is as fresh as if you were strolling in the country. Think of how sweet life would be without any stale tobacco fumes—no more musty, stuffy rooms with Air-wick in the house.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and we will reimburse you.



Air-wick kills tobacco smells. Stale tobacco smells, always in the air the "morning after", are quickly killed when you open a bottle of Air-wick.



Air-wick kills laundry smells. Air-wick quickly kills those laundry and cooking smells men detest. Use Air-wick in the bathroom and sick room.

Hundreds of thousands of Australian housewives regularly use Air-wick

—exactly the same product that is used regularly in over 11,000,000 American homes and has such phenomenal sales in England. Air-wick is the only air-freshener sold in Australia that contains Chlorophyll.



So simple to use. Unscrew the cap, pull up the wick, place Air-wick above the source of the smell and LEAVE. . . . Air-wick kills smells like magic.

Air-wick

COSTS LESS THAN ONE PENNY A DAY TO USE

Use Air-wick once and you'll realise it's a necessity in your home.

Sold by all chemists, grocers, hardware and general stores
DISTRIBUTED BY HOBICKS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

Cream away UNDER-ARM HAIR in 3 minutes



No time to scrape tender skin and leave ugly stubble. Amazing Veet smooths away all underarm hair in 3 minutes! Just apply Veet. Leave for 3 minutes. Then wash away. Skin is left soft as velvet. Under-arm hair spoils summer glamour. So use Veet cream. Success guaranteed or money back.

LEGS TOO!

Keep leg-hair legs silky-smooth and hair-free all through summer with wonderful Veet.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

PAIN YOU CAN'T "EXPLAIN"



Terrible, dragging spasms to bad she missed a day from work every month

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with two Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness, let Myzone's marvellous ACTEIN (anti-spasms) compound bring you blessed comfort without doubling.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

MYZONE

FORMULATED BY CLINTON WILLIAMS



Prevents "Wind" Pains

NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle active action soothes regular habits. Use NYAL Milk of Magnesia a smooth even cream to take—pure and safe for your baby's delicate system. Sanitised or Bacteriostatic. 2 1/2 oz. 3/11. All chemists.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 15, 1952

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 36

PROMPTLY Mildred Strete softened visibly. "Oh, I see. I hadn't quite realised..." she murmured.

"Now you're a woman of mature judgement, Mrs. Strete. A woman of the world. And then this is your home—you're the daughter of the house, and you can tell me all about the people who are in it."

"I can certainly do that," said Mildred Strete.

"So you see that when we come to the question of who killed Christian Branden, you can help us a great deal."

"But is there any question? Isn't it perfectly obvious who killed my brother?"

"You think it's obvious?"

"Of course. That dreadful American husband of poor Gina's. He's the only stranger here. We know absolutely nothing about him. He's probably one of those dreadful American gangsters."

"But that wouldn't quite account for his killing Christian Branden, would it? Why should he?"

"Because Christian had found out something about him. That's what he came here for so soon after his last visit."

"Are you sure of that, Mrs. Strete?"

"Again it seems to me quite obvious. He let it be thought his visit was in connection with the Trust—but that's nonsense. He was here for that only a month ago. And nothing of importance has arisen since. So he must have come on some private business. He saw Walter on his last visit and he may have recognised him—or perhaps made inquiries about him in the States, and found out something damaging."

Her tone was acid as she went on. "Gina is a very silly girl. She always has been. It is just like her to marry a man she knows nothing about—she's always been a mad! But my brother Christian wasn't an easy man to deceive. He came here, I'm sure, to settle the whole business. Expose Walter and show him up for what he is. And so, naturally, Walter shot him."

Inspector Curry, adding some out-sized whiskers to one of the cats on his blotting pad, said: "Yes—ex."

"Don't you agree with me that that's what must have happened?"

"It could be—yes," admitted the Inspector.

"What other solution could there be? Christian had no enemies. What I can't understand is why you haven't already arrested Walter."

"Well, you see, Mrs. Strete, we have to have evidence."

"You could probably get that easily enough. If you wired to America—"

"Oh, yes, we shall check up on Mr. Walter Hudd. You can be sure of that. But until we can prove motive, there's not very much to go upon. There's opportunity, of course."

"He went out just after Christian, pretending the lights had fused."

"They did fuse."

"He could easily arrange that."

"True."

"That gave him his excuse. He followed Christian to his room, shot him, and then repaired the fuse and came back to the hall."

"His wife says he came back before you heard the shot from outside."

"Not a bit of it! Gina would say anything."

"You think his wife was in it with him?"

Mildred Strete hesitated for a moment.

"No—no, I don't think that."

She seemed rather disappointed not to think so. She went on: "That must have been partly

the motive—to prevent Gina's learning the truth about him. After all, Gina is his bread and butter."

"And a very beautiful girl."

"Oh, yes. I've always said Gina is good looking. A very common type in Italy, of course. But, if you ask me, it's money that Walter Hudd is after. That's why he came over here and has settled down living on the Serrocolds."

"Mrs. Hudd is very well off, I understand?"

"Not at present. My father settled the same sum on Gina's mother as he did on me. But she took her husband's nationality and what with the war and his being a Fascist, Gina has very little of her own. My mother spoils her, and her American aunt, Mrs. Van Rydock, spent fabulous sums on her during the war years. Nevertheless, from Walter's point of view, he can't lay his hands on much until my mother's death, when a very large fortune will come to Gina."

"And to you, Mrs. Strete?"

A faint color came into Mildred Strete's cheek.

"And to me, as you say. My husband and I always lived quietly. He spent very little money except on books—he was a great scholar. My own money has almost doubled itself. It is more than enough for my simple needs. Still, one can always use money for the benefit of others. Any money that comes to me I shall regard as a sacred trust."

APPARENTLY misunderstanding, Curry said, "But your money won't be in a trust, will it? It will come to you absolutely."

"Oh, yes—in that sense. Yes, it will be mine absolutely." Something in the ring of that last word made Inspector Curry raise his head sharply. Mrs. Strete was not looking at him. Her eyes were shining and her long, thin mouth was curved in a triumphant smile.

Inspector Curry said in a considering voice: "So in your view—and of course you've had ample opportunities of judging—Master Walter Hudd wants the money that will come to his wife when Mrs. Serrocold dies. By the way, she's not very strong, is she, Mrs. Strete?"

"My mother has always been delicate."

"Quite so. But delicate people often live as long or longer than people who have robust health."

"Yes, I suppose they do."

"You haven't noticed your mother's health failing just lately?"

"She suffers from rheumatism. But then one must have something as one grows older. I've no sympathy with people who make a fuss over inevitable aches and pains."

"Does Mrs. Serrocold make a fuss?"

Mildred Strete was silent for a moment.

"She does not make a fuss herself," she said at length, "but she is used to being made a fuss of. My stepfather is far too solicitous. And as for Miss Believer, she makes herself positively ridiculous. In any case, Miss Believer has had a very bad influence in this house. She came here many years ago, and her devotion to my mother, though admirable in itself, has really become somewhat of an affliction. She runs the whole house and takes far too much upon herself."

"There's one thing I don't quite understand, Mrs. Strete. The position of the two Restarick brothers?"

"More foolish sentiment. Their father married my poor mother after her money. Two years afterwards he ran away with a Yugoslavian singer of

the lowest morals. My mother was soft-hearted enough to be sorry for these two boys. Since it was out of the question for them to spend their holidays with a woman of such notorious morals, she more or less adopted them. They have been hangers-on here ever since."

"Alex Restarick had an opportunity of killing Christian Branden. He was in his car alone—driving from the Lodge to the house—what about Stephen?"

"Stephen was in the hall with us. I don't approve of Alex Restarick—he is getting to look very coarse, and I imagine he leads an irregular life—but I don't really see him as a murderer. Besides, why should he kill my brother?"

"That's what we always come back to, isn't it?" said Inspector Curry gently. "What did Christian Branden know—about someone—that made it necessary for that someone to kill him?"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Strete triumphantly. "It must be Walter Hudd."

"Unless it's someone nearer home."

Mildred said sharply: "What did you mean by that?"

Inspector Curry said slowly: "Mr. Branden seemed very concerned about Mrs. Serrocold's health while he was here."

Mrs. Strete frowned.

"Men always fuss over mother because she looks fragile. I think she likes them to. Or else Christian had been listening to Juliet Believer."

"You're not worried about your mother's health yourself, Mrs. Strete?"

"No. I hope I'm sensible. Naturally mother is not young."

"And death comes to all of us," said Inspector Curry. "But not ahead of its appointed time. That's what we have to prevent."

He spoke meaningfully. Mildred Strete flared into sudden animation.

"Oh, it's wicked—wicked. No one else here really seems to care. Why should they? I'm the only person who was a blood relation to Christian. To mother, he was only a grown-up stepson. To Gina, he isn't really any relation at all. But he was my own brother."

"Half-brother," suggested Inspector Curry.

"Half-brother, yes. But we were both Brandens in spite of the difference in age."

Curry said gently: "Yes—yes, I see your point..."

Tears in her eyes, Mildred Strete marched out. Curry looked at Lake.

"So she's quite sure it's Walter Hudd," he said. "Won't entertain for a moment the idea of its being anybody else?"

"And she may be right."

"She certainly may. Wally fits. Opportunity—and motive. Because if he wants money quick, his wife's mother would have to die. So Wally tampers with her tonic, and Christian Branden sees him do it—or hears about it in some way. Yes, it fits very nicely."

He paused and said: "By the way, Mildred Strete likes money. She may not spend it, but she likes it. I'm not sure why... She may be a miser—with a miser's passion. Or she may like the power that money gives. Money for benevolence, perhaps. She's a Branden. She may want to emulate Father."

"Complex, isn't it?" said Lake, and scratched his head.

Inspector Curry said: "We'd better see this screwy young man Lawson, and after that we'll go to the Great Hall and work out who was where—and if and why—and when... We've heard one or two rather interesting things this morning."

To be continued

Go on!
TRAVELLING IS NO TROUBLE
WHEN MUMMY TAKES MY

SAFETY SEALED

Steadiflow
BABY'S FEEDING BOTTLE

IT CAN'T SPILL!

BRINGS YOUR BABY THE BENEFITS OF NATURAL FEEDING

HYGIENIC
You can seal the teat inside the "Steadiflow" bottle, without touching it. Screw on the seal and travel without a care. The contents cannot spill.

SCIENTIFIC
"Steadiflow" baby's feeding bottle saves your baby the discomfort of after-feeding "wind" (colic). Twin valves at the base of the teat prevent the nipple collapsing and causing your baby to swallow air. Unique design provides for the proper development of mouth and teeth.

AMERICA'S TOP SELLING TYPE OF BABY'S FEEDING BOTTLE

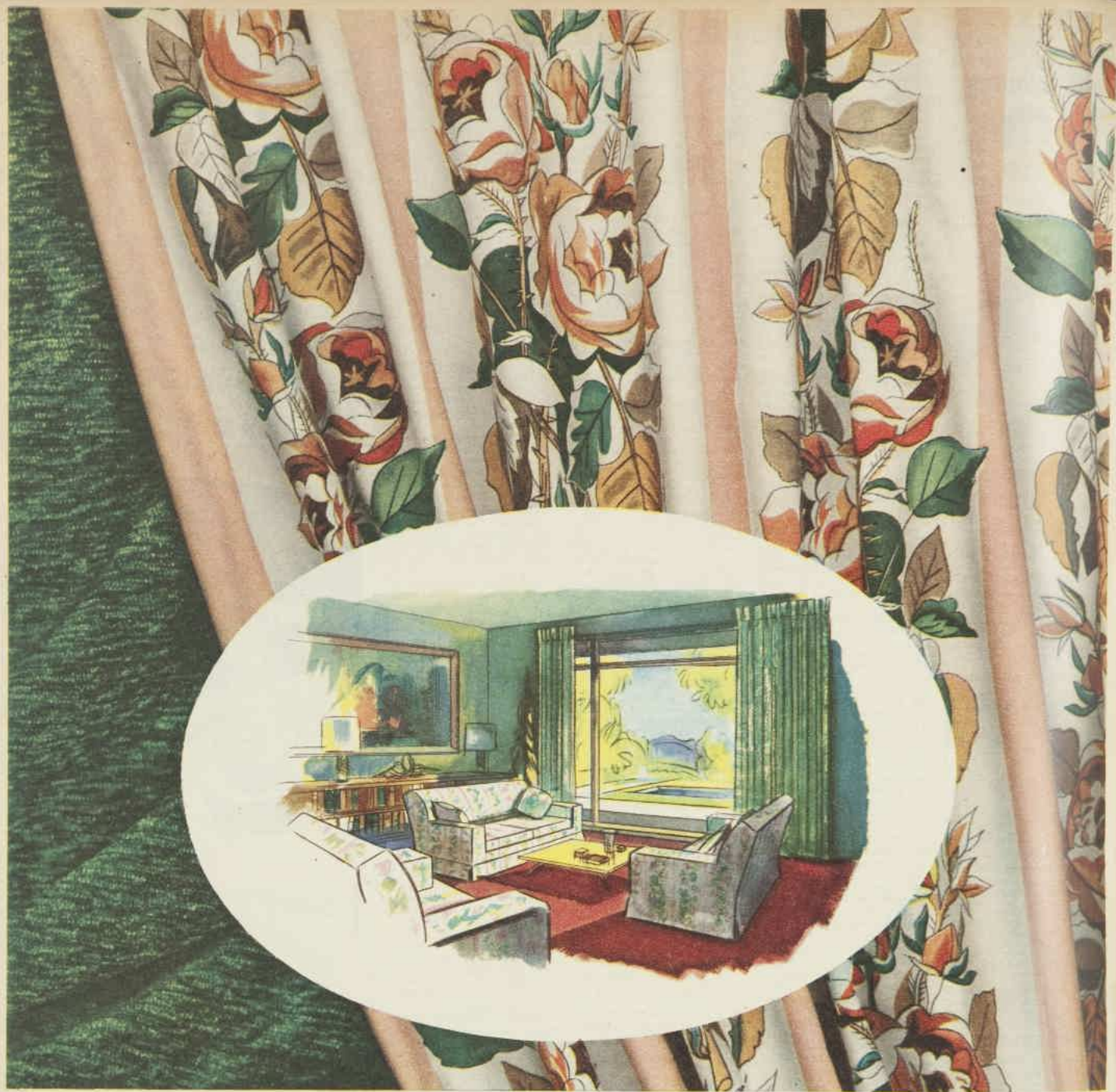
BEST FOR BABY—EASIEST FOR MOTHER!

5 FL. OZ. SIZE

STANDARD 8 FL. OZ. SIZE

COMPLETE WITH THE TEAT THAT B-R-E-A-T-H-E-S

Distributed by: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd.
409 Collins St., Melbourne, for Farran Company.



SUNDOUR

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

There are so many places in a home where Sundour fabrics are needed. Windows just ask to be transformed with Sundour nets or muslins, and sumptuous curtains of velvet or brocade. Chairs and couches cry out for lovely

new Sundour covers of chintz or repp. Give your house the beauty-treatment it deserves—let there be Sundour in every room! These fine furnishing fabrics are obtainable at good stores everywhere.

All Sundour fabrics are guaranteed against fading—most of them for the whole of their life

MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED CARLISLE ENGLAND

An easy kitchen to work in

Compact, informal dining area has decorative awning

The kitchen is always of first interest and importance to those about to build or those thinking of remodelling.

A FRIEND of mine has recently had installed a large and very modern kitchen.

Many things about this kitchen appeal to me, so I shall talk about it this week.

There are two stoves—a large gas range and a small electric table model for use in emergencies or when entertaining strains the normal facilities.

This electric stove is built in, and has a hinged, laminated counter-top handy for use as a preparation table.

All the counter and table tops in this kitchen are laminated, a finish which well repays the initial cost.

It is heatproof and spirit resisting, and a wipe with a damp cloth will keep it spotlessly clean at all times.

Between the two stoves is a wooden basket specially made to hold pepper, salt, seasonings, and sauces.

The marble slab on which the electric kettle stands is very handy for pastymaking.

Both of these ideas could be incorporated quite simply

into any kitchen, no matter how old-fashioned.

The cupboard underneath the electric stove has a rack for storing baking-pans and cake-tins.

The open shelves for the pots and pans make for speed when the dinner rush is on.

Behind the counter at the far end of the room you will

By JOAN MARTIN

notice an ideal set-up for informal dining.

A laminated-topped table and gay stools, a striped awning, and concealed lighting make the humblest hamburger seem quite glamorous!

To the right, out of view of the camera, is a large walk-in store cupboard.

To the left of the stove is a double metal sink and drain-board, with garbage-disposal unit, lead-lined drawers for bread, flour, and sugar, and numerous cupboards for china, glass, etc.

Although ultra modern, this kitchen has maintained a most friendly atmosphere, due in part to its unusual color scheme.

The walls are painted a soft pink, the cupboards off-white, and the counter-tops pale yellow.

The floor of asbestos tiling is off-white, with pink veining crossed with red, and the awning is of red-and-white canvas.

This particular kitchen has been planned with sound commonsense, and money has not been wasted on ornate fittings.

It is easy to work in—and, more especially, it is pleasant to work in.

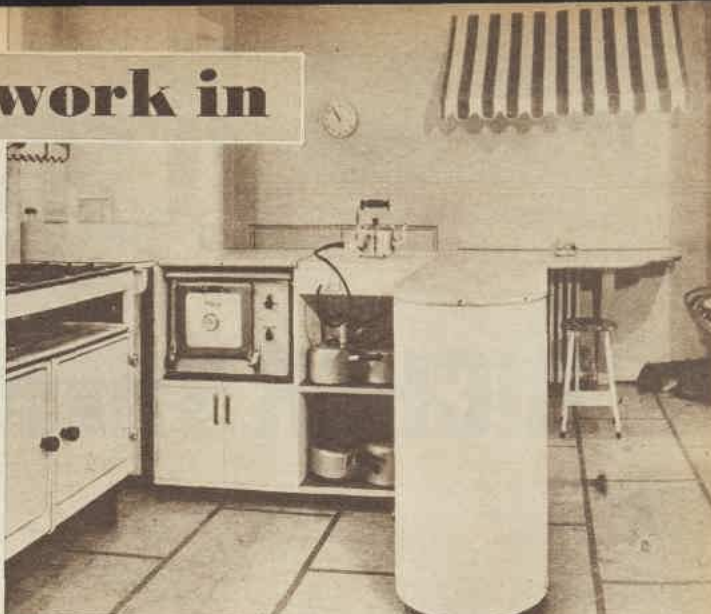
A READER writes asking my advice about a kitchen linoleum. She has seen an attractive one of excellent quality, but she is worried as to what color scheme she could use with it. The linoleum is black and has touches of red and yellow in a small modern pattern.

The obvious wall color is of course yellow, but I think that a more subtle scheme would look better.

I know this particular pattern well and like it enormously, but how to keep it clean, not what colors to use with it, has seemed to me to be the problem.

Pale blue walls and cupboards would look lovely with the black floor, but be sure to keep the shade of blue slightly grey rather than sky-blue.

Have the ceiling white, and



MODERN kitchen, above, which has been designed to combine practical factors with an attractive appearance.

RECESS for informal meals, right, has a striped awning and concealed lighting. The table-top is laminated.



cover the counter tops in linoleum or laminated material in a plain red or yellow.

If you have kitchen stools cover the tops with black leatherette—I'm sure you will find that a touch of black is the ideal tie-up with the black on the floor.

"It's amazing the difference wire screens have made in our home..."



"Baby's safe at last."

It's wonderful to feel that baby can feed, play, and sleep in comfort and safety, with all the fresh air he needs . . . thanks to fly wire doors and screens! No more filthy flies infecting his food, plate or spoon, or crawling about his hands or face while he's playing, or disturbing him when resting or sleeping!"

"No more disturbed nights."

Thanks to wire screens we can now read the evening paper in comfort, and sleep peacefully at night free from mosquitoes, moths and other flying pests which come around on warm evenings."

IT'S SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE TO FIT FLYWIRE DOORS AND FLYWIRE WINDOW SCREENS

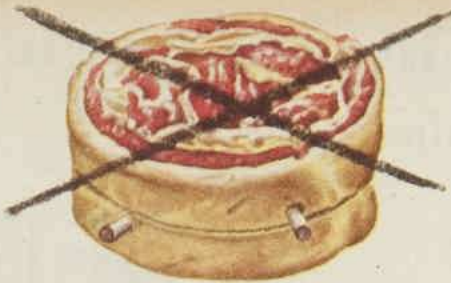
"I can cook in comfort."

Before we fitted flywire doors and window screens, blowflies were a nightmare when cooking was about. Now I can cook with doors and windows wide open and never a worry about buzzing flies and ruined food. And how much more enjoyable is a meal without the constant irritation of flies at the table!"

Your Hardware Dealer or Joiner can supply flywire doors in sizes to fit any opening. He will also advise you how to order window screens. Any man handy with tools may buy flywire by the yard and make the necessary frames. Instructions on how to make the simple joints are given in any handbook on home carpentry.

HOME LIFE IS HAPPIER, HEALTHIER, MORE "CIVILIZED"—THANKS TO FLYWIRE DOORS AND SCREENS

Imported by Cycloco Company of Australia Ltd. Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth.



RICHER THAN SIRLOIN BEEF IN NOURISHING PROTEIN!



"Beat the high cost
of meat with family meals like this"
says Elizabeth Cooke...

"Serve this satisfying Kraft Cheddar 'Hearty Hot Pot' tonight" suggests Elizabeth Cooke—Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert. "You'll save shillings on your housekeeping budget! Kraft Cheddar is not only richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein, but it gives you additional food values you won't find in meat! Kraft Cheddar is packed with the essential vitamins—A, B₂ and D—plus calories, and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates."

For main course dishes, good cooks always use Kraft Cheddar. That true cheddar flavour never varies—never cooks out—and blends perfectly with other foods to give you meals that are always satisfying, but never too rich. Unlike ordinary cheese, Kraft Cheddar is processed and pasteurized for purity. It melts smoothly, doesn't go "stringy" when cooked. No rind means no waste! Kraft Cheddar is sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or economical 5 lb. loaf.

KRAFT CHEDDAR "HEARTY HOT POT" A MAN-SIZED MEAL!

Simple and swift to prepare. Here's how...

ALL YOU NEED IS—

- 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, shredded
- 2 cups cooked spaghetti
- 3 cups cooked vegetables such as peas, diced carrots or turnips (can be leftovers)
- 1 sliced tomato

- 1 onion, finely diced
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup stock or water
- Breadcrumbs, salt,

ALL YOU DO IS—

Place spaghetti, vegetables, sauce and stock in deep casserole, in alternate layers with shredded cheese and crumbs. Keep enough cheese and crumbs aside to cover top. Dot with a little butter or margarine and bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 20 minutes. Enough for six thoroughly-satisfying big servings! But remember to only use Kraft Cheddar for this recipe! Kraft Cheddar gives you the kind of protein that helps build sound muscles, strengthens resistance to infection and nourishes tissues and nerves.

QUICK GRILL FOR LUNCH!

Tasty Kraft Cheddar grilled on toast! No trouble to prepare—ready in a matter of minutes. Try this delicious money-saver—so nourishing!



COOK
REGULARLY
WITH

KRAFT CHEDDAR For HIGH-PROTEIN
LOW-COST meals!

KFC33

Page 40

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 15, 1971

FISH DINNER

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

WHEN estimating the quantity of fish required for a meal, remember that whole fish do not go as far as prepared fillets.

Fillets are pieces taken lengthwise from either side of the fish. Steaks are cut crosswise from a large fish.

To preserve the delicate flavor of fish, cook it only until it is tender, white, and flaky. Cook all fish gently—large and small—to prevent the flesh breaking.

Whatever the method of cooking, it is important to remember not to over-cook.

Grilling is suitable for small, whole fish or flounder and sole.

Grease the grillers bars, keep the top of the fish moist with butter, oil, or bacon fat. Cook quickly, turn carefully, and serve immediately.

Oven or pan poaching is suitable for any type of fish fillets, small whole fish, salted fish, or fish cutlets. The liquid used may be water or milk, and it should barely simmer so that the fish retains its shape.

Big, coarse fish in thick slices, cutlets, or fillets is best cooked barely covered in simmering water. Fast boiling should be avoided. Season the water with salt, lemon, and a few sprigs of parsley.

Steaming is a very good method of cooking fish for convalescents or children. The fish should be placed in a buttered container, covered, and placed over boiling water until tender.

POACHED COD AU GRATIN

One to 1½ lb. fresh cod cutlets, lemon, milk, salt, finely chopped onion, ½ cup white sauce, lemon juice, cayenne pepper, soft breadcrumbs, grated cheese, butter, lemon halves, cocktail onions and parsley to garnish.

Carefully remove skin from fish cutlets, wash well in salted water, dry on clean cloth. Rub with a piece of cut lemon. Place in greased ovenware dish with sufficient milk to cover bottom of dish. Sprinkle with salt and chopped onion. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven until fish is soft, white, and flaky. Lift on to serving-dish. Flavor sauce with lemon juice, salt, and cayenne pepper. Pour over fish. Top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, dot with butter. Place under grill, or, if serving-dish is fireproof, place in hot oven until top is bubbly and brown. Serve garnished with parsley and cut lemon halves dusted with chopped parsley and topped with a colored cocktail onion.

CREAMED TASMANIAN SCALLOPS

One to 1½ lb. scallops, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon finely minced or grated onion, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 or 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs (may be omitted), parsley.

Remove dark pieces from scallops, wash thoroughly and allow to drain. Place between folds of clean tea-towel and pat as dry as possible. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, and cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, cayenne pepper, and onion. Continue stirring until boiling; fold in scallops, simmer gently 10 to 15 minutes (overcook-



ing toughens scallops). Fold in breadcrumbs, lemon juice, and eggs. Fill into individual ramekin dishes, top with a few extra breadcrumbs, and dot with extra butter. Bake in moderate oven until reheated. Serve garnished with parsley.

SPANISH BAKED FILLETS OF FISH

Small flathead fillets, cut lemon, salt, pepper, finely chopped green pepper, thin slices of white onion or sliced shallots, solid pieces of tinned tomato or small fresh tomato halves, juice from tinned tomatoes, soft breadcrumbs, grated cheese, butter or substitute, parsley and lemon to garnish, Melba toast or rolled brown bread and butter.

Wash and dry fillets, rub with a cut lemon. Wrap "tail" of each fillet around the broad portion and secure with cocktail sticks. Place fillets close together in greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle each rolled fillet with salt, pepper, and finely chopped green pepper. On top of each place a thin slice of onion or thin slices of shallot, and a solid piece of tomato. Moisten each rolled fillet thoroughly with tomato juice. Cover with soft breadcrumbs and grated cheese, dot generously with butter or substitute. Bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve

garnished with lemon and parsley, with crisp Melba toast or rolled brown bread and butter on the side.

SOUSED FISH WITH SALAD

One to 1½ lb. fish fillets, ½ cup vinegar, ½ cup boiling water, 2 cloves, 1 bay leaf, 1 blade mace (or a pinch nutmeg), 3 or 4 peppercorns, 2 sprigs parsley, 3 thin slices of onion, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, salad ingredients.

Wash and dry fish, place in ovenware dish. Boil vinegar, water, cloves, bay leaf, mace, peppercorns, parsley, onion, salt, and cayenne pepper. Pour over fish, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes until fish is soft, white, and flaky. While cooling, baste several times with the liquor, first removing cloves, peppercorns, bay leaf, mace, and parsley. Serve chilled, with salad ingredients.

WAYS TO SERVE POTATOES WITH FISH

Shoestring, French fried, and soufflé potatoes are variations of potato chips and are usually served with fried or grilled fish.

French fried potatoes are cut into strips about ¼ in. thick. Shoestring potatoes are cut into very thin strips. Both are dried thoroughly before cooking in fuming fat.

POACHED COD AU GRATIN garnished with lemon and parsley is a satisfying and appetising dinner dish served with minted new potatoes and a vegetable medley of carrot, corn, and green peas. See recipe on this page.

Soufflé potatoes are thinly sliced, soaked 5 minutes in iced water, then drained, and fried 3 or 4 minutes in hot, not fuming fat. They are then drained and plunged again into fuming fat to puff up and brown.

With steamed, boiled, or oven-poached fish, tiny minted new potatoes are delicious. Choose very small potatoes, cook whole and unpeeled. Remove skins, coat with melted butter or substitute, toss in finely chopped mint.

Scalloped potatoes are appetising with any type of baked fish. Peel and slice potatoes, place a layer in greased ovenware dish. Dust with flour, salt, and pepper (for variety add grated cheese or chopped chives); continue until dish is full. Add milk until it reaches top layer. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours, according to quantity.

SAUCES TO SERVE WITH FISH

Sauces can be made interesting and different by varying the seasonings and ingredients used.

White sauce, served with steamed or boiled fish, may be flavored with any of the following: chopped pars-

ley, chopped shallot or white onion, bay leaf, lemon juice and cayenne pepper, paprika, curry powder, chopped sautéed mushrooms, capers, sherry, a little Worcestershire sauce, anchovy sauce, chopped shelled prawns, oysters.

With fried fish tartare sauce is good. To 1 cup prepared mayonnaise add 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons finely chopped gherkin, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, 1 tablespoon chopped olive or ½ cup chopped pickles or 1 dessertspoon parboiled red or green pepper.

With grilled or oven-poached fish serve rarebit sauce. To one cup freshly made white sauce add ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ cup grated cheese, pinch cayenne pepper, and 1 beaten egg. Stir over very low heat until well mixed.

Boiled, steamed, oven-poached, or grilled fish is very appetising with creamed egg sauce. Fold coarsely chopped hard-boiled eggs, a little chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon juice into freshly made white sauce. Allow 1 egg to each ½ to 1 cup of sauce.

ENJOY DAILY REGULARITY WITHIN 10 DAYS (without purgatives)

"I TRIED
YOUR OFFER -
AND REGAINED
REGULARITY IN
A WEEK!"

Mrs. E. M. PARROTT,
317 Bronte Rd., Waverley



Complete Satisfaction or Double Your Money Back

This is all you need to... enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

BULK IS THE ANSWER!

Your daily health and regularity depend on what you eat. Kellogg's All Bran is not a purgative. It contains the bulk your system needs to end constipation. The vital bulk in this rich, nut-sweet health-food helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle elimination... no purgatives needed this natural way.

Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran

right away. Within ten days you'll benefit. After that keep on enjoying this crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose that wonderful feeling of health and natural regularity it brings.

YOU BENEFIT 3 WAYS

Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health-food and blood tonic all in one! Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran builds up your health. It gives you vitality as it brings regularity instead of purging the energy out of you.



CRISP
NUT-SWEET
FLAVOUR



A152-7

New comfort for
COLDS



Try the
NEW

Junior KLEENEX

SOFT - STRONG
DOUBLY ABSORBENT

KX14-2

Introduce yourself to Kleenex tissues and you'll find you just wouldn't be without them! Such comfort when you have a cold, so kind to tender noses and such a save when it comes to washing and ironing. For you, for baby and for the children, you will find Kleenex invaluable.

Large economical boxes are also available for 1/7d.

76 TISSUES
FOR 1/6d

Prize recipes



POTATO NESTS filled with fish are appetising and satisfying. We added a garnish of lemon halves cut into peaks and topped with chopped parsley and cocktail onions. See recipe.

Smoked fish, flavored with parsley butter and filled into potato nests, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's competition.

FRESH fish, either poached, baked, or boiled, may be used instead of the smoked fish suggested in the recipe.

Peanut butter fingers are a change for breakfast or luncheon. Serve them with fried or grilled banana and thick tomato slices sautéed in a little butter. The recipe wins a consolation prize.

Other prizes go to powder puffs filled with fresh cream if available, an easy-to-make tea party speciality, and a tempting grapefruit appetiser. All spoon measurements are level.

FISH IN POTATO NESTS

Two pounds potatoes, 1 egg, salt and pepper, dry bread-crumbs, 1lb. smoked fish, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3oz. grated cheese.

Cook potatoes, drain and mash. Add egg, salt and pepper, mix well. Pipe or spoon on to well-greased and lightly crumbed baking trays, making nests about 3 1/2 in. in diameter. Cover fish with cold water, bring to boil, drain. Cover again with fresh cold water, bring to boil, simmer 7 to 8 minutes, until tender. Drain, skin and flake, fill into potato nests. Prepare parsley butter by melting butter or substitute and adding chopped parsley. Pour over fish. Top with grated cheese and a few extra crumbs. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly heated and lightly browned.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Small, "Uralla," 62 River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

PEANUT BUTTER FINGERS

Half cup peanut butter, 1 tablespoon warm milk, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley,

pinch cayenne pepper, stale bread, egg glazing, dry bread-crumbs, fat for frying.

Cut stale bread into thick fingers. Spread all over with peanut butter softened with warm milk and mixed with parsley and cayenne pepper. Dip in egg glazing, coat with bread-crumbs. Fry in fuming fat until brown. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Mason, 43 Arthur St., New Farm, Brisbane.

POWDER PUFFS

Two eggs, 1 cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, whipped cream or substitute, raspberry jam if desired.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy. Gradually add sugar, beat well. Add egg-yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Drop 1/2 teaspoon at a time on to hot, greased oven trays. Bake in hot oven 5 to 6 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Join in pairs with cream, or jam if desired. Dust on both sides with sifted icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Martin, 21 O'Loughlin St., Ormond, Vic.

GRAPEFRUIT APPETISER

Allow 1/2 grapefruit for each serving. Loosen pulp from rind with sharp knife. Cut out white pith, remove seeds. Sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, allow to stand 10 minutes. Add 1 dessertspoon brown sugar or honey and a light dusting of cinnamon. Grill until heated through and beginning to brown. Pour 1 or 2 dessertspoons sherry or cherry brandy over. Garnish with a cherry, serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Riecke, 4 Trevorton Ave., Glenunga, Adelaide.

KITCHEN NOTIONS

• Keep a jar or a large shaker, with salt and pepper mixed, near the stove. The pre-mixing and use of only one container save time.

• Try this breakfast dish, using left-over cooked tripe. Fry a sliced onion in fat until brown, add finely diced tripe, sauté 5 minutes. Add salt, pepper, and a dash of vinegar. Serve hot on toast.

• A nutritious potato topping for fish or cold meat cottage pies: Add 1/2 cup grated cheese,

1 teaspoon chopped mint and parsley, and a dash of cayenne pepper to the mashed potato before baking.

• For a simple and delicious cake filling rub 3 or 4 tablespoons of apricot jam through a sieve, heat, thin with a little water if necessary. Add 2 tablespoons of chopped walnuts and spread over the cake. It's good, too, filled into a recess cake and topped with cream or meringue.



You too, could be more
lovely-attractive-charming

Millions of women the world over have found that Odo-Ro-No is a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odour for a full 24 hours
- Odo-Ro-No is the deodorant that stays creamy longer—

never gets gritty, even in open jar.

- No other cream deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for normal skin.



ODO-RO-NO

CREAM

the deodorant without a doubt guaranteed full 24 hour protection.

- Also available — Liquid. ODO-RO-NO with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.

4850

129 *answers*



Seppelt's
WINE VINEGAR
RECIPE BOOK!

129 helpful ways to give real variety to your everyday menus.

This handy book will be mailed FREE — just complete the coupon

B. Seppelt & Sons Ltd., Box 1422H, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Please send me, post free, Seppelt's Wine Vinegar Recipe Book.

NAME

ADDRESS

SUBMERGED IN FLOODS FOR 5 MONTHS!

Charles Hope "Cold Flame" Refrigerator as good as new!

"I will back my Charles Hope against anything"—says Tom Hannigan of Sanpah Station, 200 miles north of Broken Hill.

Mr. Hannigan's property was inundated in terrific floods which left his homestead almost submerged. After 5 months, he decided to try and salvage his furniture, and his Charles Hope "Cold Flame" Refrigerator. He got a rope around the Charles Hope "Cold Flame", brought it to land, and cleaned it out. In Mr. Hannigan's words "the paint work was as good as the day I received it. The refrigerator was started up, and within a few hours was working perfectly, and has been ever since. That was 3 years ago and we have not had the slightest trouble since. I will back a 'Cold Flame' Refrigerator against anything."

Under all conditions — anywhere and everywhere

CHARLES HOPE "COLD FLAME" is Australia's finest refrigerator

Not only Mr. Hannigan's kerosene-operated Charles Hope "Cold Flame" Refrigerator, but every electric and sealed-unit model as well, is renowned for the same rugged manufacture and superlative finish. In tropical Pacific Islands, on lonely outback stations, Charles Hope "Cold Flame" Refrigerators have taken first place—because they are dependable, efficient, economical. No other refrigerator has such perfect insulation—such a beautifully-finished bonderised (rust-resisting) cabinet—such complete guarantees. Terms can be arranged anywhere in Australia to suit your pocket. Sealed-unit, electric-absorption, kerosene-operated—each Charles Hope "Cold Flame" is a perfect example of craftsmanship



The Secret of the CHARLES HOPE "COLD FLAME" is its high standard of construction. Perfect insulation ensures safety and purity in food storage—economical running of your refrigerator, cuts wear and tear on the refrigerator.

The CHARLES HOPE "BIG 7" 7 cubic-feet family-size sealed unit model, thermostatically controlled. Easy to clean—efficient, economical, noiseless. 53" high x 28" deep x 28" wide. Unit fully guaranteed for five years.



The Kerosene-Operated Model: Kerosene lamp is fitted with the world patented Flame Arrestor, exclusive to the Charles Hope "Cold Flame". 5 cubic-feet, fully guaranteed.



The Electric-Absorption Model: 5 cubic-feet, featuring the thermostat-control. Unit guaranteed for five years, element for two years. Finished in gleaming, easy-to-clean enamel.

Manufactured by Charles Hope Limited

Valley, Brisbane

Distributors:

Howards Limited, 317 Adelaide Street, Brisbane Kerosene-operated Models

W. H. Paling & Co. Ltd., 86-88 Queen Street, Brisbane

Electric Absorption and "Big 6" and "Big 7" Models

City Electric Light Co. Ltd., Cochran House, Adelaide Street, Brisbane

Electric Absorption and "Big 6" and "Big 7" Models

W. H. Paling & Co. Ltd., 338 George Street, Sydney

Electric and Kerosene Absorption Models and "Big 6" and "Big 7"

R. Werner & Co. Pty. Ltd., 602 Little Collins Street, Melbourne

Electric and Kerosene Absorption Models and "Big 6" and "Big 7"

Newton McLaren Ltd., Leigh Street, Adelaide

Electric and Kerosene Absorption Models and "Big 6" and "Big 7"

Malloch Bros., 54 William Street, Perth

Electric Absorption and "Big 6" and "Big 7" Models

Contact the Local Agent in your town, or call or write direct to the abovenamed Distributors



At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders

thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read what this man says:

I had been going downhill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and within a week I began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger....

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the tried and proven family remedy, exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Blood-stream—rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, those aches and pains that sap your strength.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
7/6 and 4/- everywhere

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Get quick relief from
backache
rheumatism
sciatica
lumbago
headaches
dizziness



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

Free Diet Chart
Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Styes aren't dangerous

RH factor in pregnancy

JILL REYNOLDS came to see me with a sty on her left eyelid.

"I've had a lot of these unglamorous-looking things," she said. "They're painful, too—and I have a special dinner date on Saturday. Could you give me some penicillin or something to get rid of it?"

"No, Jill," I told her, "we don't like shooting in penicillin for every minor ill."

"Too many injections of penicillin can set up a resistance so that when you really need it it may not be effective."

"Your eye is painful, but it will soon clear up."

"A sty isn't dangerous to your sight or your health," I went on. "But one sty after another usually means that your health needs building up."

"A sty is really a little abscess that has formed in the follicle of an eyelash."

"Simple infection needs only simple treatment," I added as I plucked out the affected eyelash.

"Oooh," Jill exclaimed, "simple, but not painless!" She put her hand up to her eye.

"Don't rub it," I warned. "That's a sure way to keep your complaint. You rub infected matter on to the other lashes and up comes another sty."

"What work are you doing?" I asked. "Eyestrain can cause a crop of styes. Sometimes if this is overcome by glasses or perhaps by eye exercises, the styes die out."

"I'm learning to be a dietitian," Jill told me.

"Considering the work you do, I shouldn't have to tell you about protective foods like meat, milk, eggs, butter, and cheese," I said. "Wrong diet can be the cause of persistent styes."

"Styes are a sort of distant cousin to boils and carbuncles, you know. Those very nasty things usually attack young men who are studying or working hard, and yet are still growing—and perhaps eating more meat pies than nourishing dinners."

"See me again in about three weeks' time. If the styes have persisted in spite of a wholesome diet, and your eyesight proves okay, there is a vaccine I can give you."

"Sorry I can't do more for this Saturday, though," I added.

"That's all right," the girl said cheerfully. "Perhaps I can look mysterious behind an eye veil."

"**TOMMY**," I asked my small patient, "will you wait outside for Mummy now?"

Tommy was still gazing at his arm, which I had just injected.

"Go on," I urged, "talk to Sister and tell her you didn't cry a bit."

His face brightened at this suggestion, and out he trotted.

Tommy was Mrs. Wayne's only child, and now she was having her second baby.

"Do you remember, Mrs. Wayne," I asked, "before Tommy was born I told you you had RH negative blood?"

"Yes, doctor. My husband's been worried about that. He thinks I might lose this baby."

"It may not be so serious as that," I answered. "Even now our knowledge about the RH factor is not complete. Each case can vary. I'll try to explain it simply."

"When there is an RH positive father and an RH negative mother, their child may be RH positive."

"Here the father is the deciding factor, and he can be RH positive in a weak way,

a fairly strong way, or a very strong way."

"Often the baby grows normally until later in pregnancy. Then if the father's blood is strongly RH positive the baby may transmit RH positive substances into the mother's blood system."

"Her RH negative blood then reacts by developing antibodies to fight the invading RH positive blood."

"These antibodies return to the child. But the mother wins this battle of opposite blood types and causes an anaemia in her own child that can be fatal to it."

"Now, however, because of this former pregnancy, your system is ready from the start with RH substances to fight an invasion from your baby's bloodstream."

"This may happen with a first baby, if, for instance, an RH negative mother had undergone a transfusion with RH positive blood even years before marriage."

"The effect of such a transfusion would be similar to a first baby, as in both cases RH substances are introduced into the mother's blood system."

"Thank you, doctor," Mrs. Wayne said. "But why wasn't Tommy affected by all this?"

"Because there was no opposition waiting in your circulation to fight Tommy's RH positive blood. You did set up an opposition later on, but not a serious one."

"Your recent blood tests show only very few RH substances. You will need to be tested regularly, however, to see if these substances increase."

"I want you to attend a specialist during this pregnancy. I'd like to have his supervision now and at your confinement. But I'll be there, too, when the time comes."

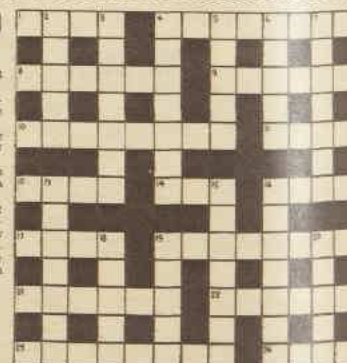
All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Doctor with ease followed by one's word tells you to submit to your lot (4).
4. Oddly the middle isn't slanting (8).
8. In this important article, pairs are turned to the French (8).
9. Originate in due of chimney (6).
10. Reputation mainly coming from a pause in a pig (6).
11. Famous king who could be an earl (6).
12. Great numbers look on turned saint (4).
14. Help! (2).
16. Printer, leave it alone! (4).
17. Prepare for publication with the tide (4).
19. Such haggles are very likely profits for the publican (8).
21. The bookie I got in a small peg in a cask (6).
22. Recite with singing voice in accent (6).
23. Bind together mainly a piece of twine (8).
24. They can be men or women but they mean a ship (4).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

2. Turntable cylinder that moves a ship even if turns (5).
3. Displays former attitudes (7).
4. Questions the centre of which turns to anger (7).
5. Originate from a higher salary (8).
6. Hitherto unknown fictitious prose narrative (5).
7. Pedigree found in eagle (7).
13. Killed his father, solved a riddle, married his mother, and tore out his own eyes (7).
15. Can become red as in a dish (7).
16. Sea time (Anagr. 7).
18. Nickname of France's prime minister during the first World War (5).
19. Stick which not a sailor when turned (5).
20. Such word is coined for one occasion (5).

Solution to last week's crossword.

DRESS SENSE

by *Betty Keep*

Here are some jottings I've made of fashion-worthy points to follow now and from now into summer and autumn.

MAKE the fabric lace—that's the answer for occasions of importance.

For afternoon and after six a street-length dress in lace is high fashion. The most popular design? Tailored simplicity plus a low-cut neckline. One is illustrated.

THE shirt is everywhere. My theory is that it's a good buy any season.

It can be colored, white, or striped. The traditional boy shirt with stiff starched collar and cuffs is worn, so is the shirt with a poncho-type collar.

In fact, you can pick any famous shirt-type from the nightshirt to a frilled Victorian dress shirt—and it is right in fashion.

MARK crepe on your fashion list for gentle feminine clothes.

Soon the black crepe dress will be just as popular as it was 15 years back. The crepe dress is definitely a new figure in fashion and one that I predict will move softly from summer into autumn.

PLEATS have a wonderful flair for flattery.

There are ripple pleats, needle pleats, pleats put in to stay, pleats as a means to control skirt fullness, pleats for the older woman, the teenager, and the young married.

I NOMINATE the full-length coat in cotton, shantung, or silk as a summer newsmaker.



LACE FROCK requires 4½ yds. 36in. lace and 4½ yds. 36in. taffeta. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Pattern price, 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The favorite design choice is the modified tent with raglan sleeves—short, below-elbow, or wrist-length. Material and color choice are the news, and prints top the list.

LEARN the value of cotton for hot weather.

It is increasing in popularity and has many brand-new names. Dark cotton looks new, floral prints feminine, and pure white chic and extravagant.

Worth noting is the established success of terry toweling for the beach. Wonderful for beach "wrap-arounds," sundresses, and shorts, in colors as well as white.

THINGS to come. Watch for the taffeta-lined skirt.

It will be news under tweeds and velveteen for next season. The lining will match or contrast and will discourage the need for a lot of petticoats.

A sleek silhouette is creeping into beach and resort fashions. Tapered pedal-pushers and one-piece swimsuits contribute to this new line.

The increase in popularity for the brown family: Light beaver, nut, milk-coffee, and all blond shades look chic with accessories to match.

KEEP that pattern! The currently popular circular skirt will be worn again in autumn, made in wool jersey.

In Paris it was recently featured in the Fall autumn dress collection.

FOR some enchanted evening—a beautiful ball dress made in white organdie patterned with pink and red roses.

The top is strapless, offset by a single rose. The skirt is wide and held out with stiff pink petticoats.

FOR pure glamor, a concertina-pleated coat in white shantung with batwing sleeves.

The coat is cut to 3in. above the knee and worn over a narrow dress in charcoal-grey. For pure drama, a regal floor-length evening cape, sweeping down from a shoulder-yoke made in mist-grey grosgrain and lined in cyclamen.

GILT-EDGED investment for sailing—a wide, easy, turtle-neck sweater in heavy pink cotton.

It's worn with cuffed jeans in rose-red hopsack. A sou'-wester matches the jeans.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MEGAN."—An attractive three-piece lingerie set. Nightgown, slip, and scanties are obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes white, sky-blue, and pastel pink.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes, nightgown, 32in. and 34in. bust, 73/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 77/3. Slip, 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/6. Scanties, 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 23/3; 30in. and 32in. waist, 25/3.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes, nightgown, 32in. and 34in. bust, 53/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 55/3. Slip, 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/-; Scanties, 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 16/9; 30in. and 32in. waist, 18/9.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 47. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 21 Pier St., Sydney.

LIFEBUOY now in



BIG BATH SIZE



Here's the favourite family bath soap, now in a wonderful big BATH-SIZE. So thrifty, you'll prefer it every time! See how many more refreshing baths or showers... what rich, foamy lather you get from every cake!

And the big new Bath Size contains the famous Lifebuoy purifying ingredients to protect you from B.O.

LIFEBUOY GUARANTEES YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM B.O.

W.315.WW63c

8 Children and a barber husband—

RINSO's
thicker, richer
suds a must!



WITH 8 CHILDREN, THERE'S QUITE A PILE OF COLOURED ON WASHDAY. ONLY RINSO GETS THEM BRIGHTER THAN BRAND NEW!

15 DOZEN BARBER TOWELS IN THE WASH EACH WEEK, BUT MY WIFE SAYS IT'S EASY TO GET THEM DAZZLING WHITE WITH RINSO!



The Millers of 5 Van Ness Ave, Glen Iris, Victoria are typical of the thousands of families who have proved that ordinary suds can't compete with the magic of Rinso's thicker, richer suds.



NOW IN 2 SIZES Standard and Big Economy Size

Z.328.WW63c

Page 45



1'4 1/2

With two yards of matching cotton

PER CARD

Beutron

OPAL-GLO BUTTONS

Always match—never clash

It's the iridescent 'Opal-like' finish that enables you to match florals, plains . . . all the new weaves for Spring. You can take any type of fabric—in any depth of color—light or dark—and your 'Opal-Glo' buttons will reflect its color. . . . No other buttons 'pick up' fabric-colors like Beutron 'Opal-Glo' buttons!

Hot irons can't hurt them—They launder beautifully—You can tell dry-cleaners they're guaranteed!



G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Dunning Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.



Beutron

boil-tested WHITE BUTTONS

Won't crack, discolor or lose their lustre, no matter how often they're boiled or dry-cleaned! Boil-tested in every known brand of soap-powder—always with the same wonderful result!

Actually boiled for an hour before they leave the factory! *Your money back* if they deteriorate in any way. Pure white plastic, in many sparkling patterns, a variety of sizes!

1/6 PER CARD (With two yards of matching cotton)

The gold Pinwheel "Beutron,"

1/-



The Big Saucer "Beutron," 2/11

Beutron

ORIGINALS

"Absolute detail" reproductions of newest French and American buttons—selling at wonderful, little prices

High-fashion buttons with a lovely "jewel-like" look—a feathery lightness! Watch out for enormous saucer buttons to wear on fly-away Spring coats!—dramatic jet buttons to wear, as Paris does, on stark-white pique!—the most translucent pearly buttons made from the same material as the finest simulated pearls you can buy—(buckles to match these)—and again this year—fabulous cocktail Beutrons plated with real gold and silver!

The Pearly Acorn "Beutron" with the Diamante Centre, 11jd.



The Pearly Basketweave "Beutron," 10d.



The Faceted Jet "Beutron," 1/-



The Plastic Ring "Beutron" with large Diamante Centre, 1/6

The Silver Ring "Beutron," 1/3



<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389466>

You'll swing to

Brooke's

DELICIOUS
FRUIT JUICES

They're 'FIRST for THIRST'

Make it a point to 'Look for Brooke's' Fruit Juices. You'll discover a new and keener enjoyment in delicious cooling drinks that have the luscious, unmistakable taste of **real** fruit juices. Choose the flavour you like best . . . pour some into a tall glass and fill up with ice-cold water or soda. M-m-m! The fruitiest drink you've ever tasted . . . and the most economical

too . . . so many drinks
from each big bottle!



'LEMOS'
The real
lemon drink



'HALF and HALF'
a blend of 'Oros' and 'Lemos'



'OROS'
The real orange drink

and try these too . . .



LIME JUICE
Choicest West Indies limes

'LEMOS' BARLEY WATER
'Lemos' and barley water

RASPBERRY
Choicest Australian raspberries

Rita Hayworth's "comeback" film

★ Glamorous Rita Hayworth plays the role of a nightclub entertainer in her first back-in-Hollywood movie, "Affair in Trinidad" (Columbia). She is suspected of implication in a murder, but is cleared by hero Glenn Ford. The costumes on this page are part of Rita's special wardrobe in the picture.



Double Enchantment!



Radiant Loveliness... Bewitching Fragrance...

Your very first make-up with heavenly Gemey Face Powder will prove how lovely you can look. Gemey Face Powder imparts a double enchantment... a precious veil of youthful radiance... the fragrant sophistication of famous Gemey perfume.



Silk-sifted Gemey is created for all skin types. Its super-fineness subtly conceals tiny complexion blemishes... stays radiantly perfect long after other powders have wilted or streaked. Choose from seven fashion-perfect shades. 6/-

To complete your enchantment... exquisite Gemey Talc! Soft, lovely, lingering fragrance in harmonise with your Gemey Face Powder. Use it freely as a gracious beginning to your daily grooming. 3/11



Gemey

Silk Sifted
face powder and talc

Creations of *Richard Hudnut*

New York • London • Paris • Sydney

DIETICIANS AGREE—

EGGS

are the perfect
all-round food!



APRIL SNOW

Lillian Budd

A Swedish family novel with excellent character and attractive atmosphere

16/- From all Booksellers 16/-
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

Film may be royal choice

By BILL STRUTTON,
in London

You might think that the first city on this side of the Atlantic to get the idea for a big, super-glamorous film about the fashion industry would be Paris.

BUT London has beaten them to it with a picture which may be this year's Royal Command choice—"It Started in Paradise."

London with its immaculate tailoring and superb cloths is the background for one of the year's biggest technicolor productions—a story peopled with mannequins, wealthy clients, fashion writers, and the rivalry of the top designers.

Wardour Street, the commercial hub of the British film world, is wondering why somebody didn't think of this before.

Their oldest maxim is that it's the woman who decides which picture you'll see—and a story around fashion makes this the perfect woman's film.

Since fashion began when Eve took to wearing a fig leaf, they are showing a strong sense of the appropriate by calling the picture "It Started in Paradise."

The film stars Ian Hunter, Jane Hylton, Marita Hunt, Terence Morgan, Muriel Pavlov, and is decorated with some of the loveliest models from London fashion houses.

But the story revolves



JANE HYLTON has the starring role as head of a fashion house in the British technicolor movie "It Started in Paradise." The film is in the running for selection as this year's Royal Command film.

around Jane Hylton, who, after filming in solid feature parts since the days of Gainsborough Studios in 1946, suddenly showed her acting paces in her first big dramatic role last year—as a housewife mentally unbalanced through domestic worries who is cured in a mental home.

It settled the mantle of stardom on her shoulders and won her top billing for "It Started in Paradise," said to be well in the running for the

honored choice as this year's Royal Command film.

Grey-eyed, brown-haired Jane, who relied more on acting ability than glamor to get her to the top, is now tipped to become the top "woman's woman" among Britain's screen idols.

She is frank, down-to-earth, detests fuss and affectation and the phony champagne side of film making.

Her key role is as a woman fashion designer, ruthlessly ambitious, who becomes a leading couturiere by talent and trickery. Jane put it more directly:

"I get there by treading on other people's faces," she said.

"I take over a frilly, fading salon from a woman who was once queen of the fashion world. And I make quite a splash with my new fashions—all colorfully extravagant."

"In the film I blossom from a neat, severe, ambitious girl into a flamboyant fashion leader who reaches her zenith—and then, rather over-made-up, rather over-adorned, rather brassy, begins herself to fade before the brilliance of a new designer."

"It's a peach of a part for a girl like me, who likes to get her teeth into a part which demands acting."

"There was a time when I thought such a role seemed about as far away as Mars."

"In a moment of weakness—or, rather, despair—I even chucked the whole business of hunting for parts and took to teaching kindergarten."

"It took 30 children to launch me right back into films. I love children, but it wasn't long before I rebounded into films."

"Since then, nothing has seemed such hard work."

British films' "woman's woman" smiled her frank smile. "Er, the pay is a little better, too."

It certainly is. It's all in one of those fat, seven-year contracts that, in England to-day, most other leading ladies can only dream about.

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): If you're stepping high, wide, and handsome on October 14, you might stumble badly on October 17. Just pick yourself up and keep on going.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): On October 16 pin your faith on your own judgment. Don't let criticism or cold water dash your enthusiasm on October 17. You're on the right track.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): That extra ounce of luck puts over any project on October 14. Your personal magnetism should win friends and influence people, reaching a climax on October 20.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Starting a new chapter on October 14? Stick to those good resolutions and reap a harvest of goodwill when others are floundering around on October 18.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Nothing ventured, nothing gained on October 15 or 16, when financial affairs should improve if you use your head. Avoid gambling on October 18.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): If you are hesitating between two courses of action, news on October 14 might tip the scale. Excellent results should be in evidence by October 20, with probable gain.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Any project in the offing could be developed with good prospects of success on October 15, so get cracking, since October 16 will report progress.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Feel a fresh breeze blowing? Approaching new conditions will mean the start of a new set-up on October 16. October 19 is fine.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): October 15 is well aspected for those standing for office. Avoid reckless spending and postpone appointments on October 20.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Confidence in yourself and a practical approach may win a triumph in almost any field on October 15, with results on October 18.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): On October 15 don't turn down immediate advantages for future possibilities which may not pan out. News received on October 18 can be discounted.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Surprise! Last-minute alteration to plans on October 16 will work out pleasantly October 18. Watch your step and belongings.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

In Melbourne... it's the HOTEL MANYUNG



MANYUNG, on the Peninsula, is but an hour from the city, yet the food, the "round-the-clock" room service and the accommodation surpass anything in the metropolis. All-inclusive tariff £33/- a day.

For Reservations:
HOTEL MANYUNG
Mt. Eliza, Victoria
Phone Mt. Eliza 254



15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPER
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlyper—squeeze Curlyper into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated Curlyper for 3/11 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPER
O.N.F.



BABY LOVES
the delightful cream
lather of Cuticura Soap.
The gentle cleaning and
soothing touch of
this mild medicated soap
is ideal for your baby's
precious skin.
The excellent Cuticura
Ointment soothes
chafe and it cures
these symptoms, as well as
dandruff, eczema, and
all the baby's common
skin troubles.
and deal directly with your
rash, dry skin, etc.

Cuticura
SOAP

IF BACK ACES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by the frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankle, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Urinary Discharge, Broken Sleep, Gravel, Stiff Eyes, are usually due to granular kidney and bladder trouble. The Best dose of Cuticura, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work removing troubles in 3 ways. 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidney and bladder. Cut Cuticura from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.



Illustrated is the Vantona Court Bedcover, Quality 174/571

Personally yours...

AS A SIGNATURE reveals character, so do the furnishings of your bedroom reflect your taste. Make your bedroom an expression of your personality. Give it individual charm and atmosphere with Vantona Bedcovers. You'll love their designs and colours; revel in their soft, fine texture. Made in Lancashire, the home of fine textiles, Vantona Bedcovers are woven entirely in one piece, that's why they drape so perfectly. You'll find them easy to launder, too. Choose one of the enchanting Australian-inspired colours to match your own colour scheme and indulge your good taste!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL THE BEST STORES



Perfect as curtains, too! An extra Vantona Bedcover will make charming curtains to match your bedcover and complete your decor! Strongly woven in one piece! No seams or joins to destroy the elegant outline!



Because of their weave Vantona Bedcovers hang perfectly—they do not crease in use. So easy to launder—you can wash your Vantona Bedcover again and again, and it will keep fresh and new.



Enchanting variety of designs in Australian inspired colours—Coral Pink, Pacific Blue, Lime Green and Honey.

... AND VANTONA TOWELS, TOO

VANTONA "Joyous Morn" Towels, are examples of English craftsmanship at their finest. Because of their soft, absorbent texture, they simply drink up the moisture—a quality that endures throughout the long, useful years of their life.

VANTONA "Joyous Morn" Towels are available in delightful pastel shades of blue, green, coral and gold, and in sizes 24" x 48" and 30" x 60".

VANTONA TEXTILES LIMITED. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

VA25A.WWFFC



1 DOCTOR Sophie Dean (Googie Withers), right, advises Mrs. Briggs (Megs Jenkins) to leave her son Tommy (Brand Inglis), who has injured his hand, at hospital for observation. Brilliant Sophie hopes to become the hospital resident surgeon.



2 STARTLED probationer nurse Joan Shepherd (Petula Clark), a new addition to the staff in the surgical ward, warily agrees to care for the rabbit Tommy produces out of a pocket. He asks her to look after it until he is better.



3 WARNING is given Joan against flirtatious house surgeon Dr. Dick Groom (Jack Watling), at back Groom also wants the post of resident.

WHITE CORRIDORS

ADAPTED from the novel "Yeoman's Hospital," by Helen Ashton, "White Corridors" (Vic. Films) reveals in documentary fashion the day-to-day operation of an English hospital and intertwines behind-the-scenes problems of men and women within the institution.

Events involving Googie Withers, playing a young woman surgeon, run along career-versus-love lines. James Donald is the man in her life.



4 TESTS by research pathologist Neil Marriner (James Donald) show that Tommy has a rare complaint. Neil's drugs cannot yet be given to him.



5 INTERESTED committee inspects Neil's laboratory. He succeeds in proving that his newly developed radioactive drug is capable of checking some diseases and extra funds are allotted to extend the scope of his work.



6 EMERGENCY operation performed by Sophie on a patient of Dr. Dick Groom earns for her the desired surgical appointment.



7 SCRATCH sustained by Neil while treating now seriously ill Tommy becomes infected. Neil begs Sophie to try on him one of his own drugs.



8 DECISION to administer unproven drug to Neil is drastic one for Sophie, but she uses the serum and saves his life.

Well-groomed men prefer— BRYLCREEM

BECAUSE

Brylcreem keeps the hair lustrous and natural looking all day long.

BECAUSE

Brylcreem keeps the scalp healthy and free from dryness.

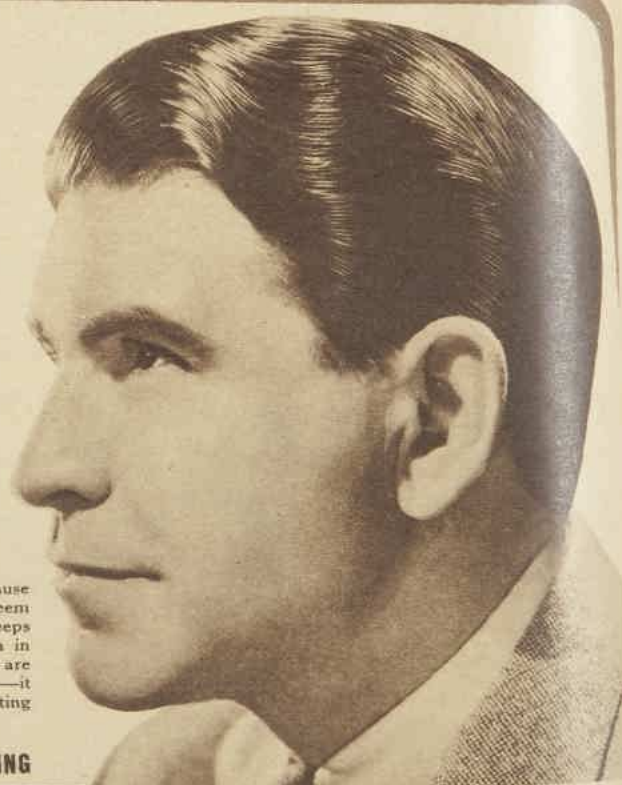
BECAUSE

The natural oils in Brylcreem are emulsified for clean grooming.



Yes, well-groomed men prefer Brylcreem because they know it is the perfect hairdressing. Brylcreem gives the hair that vital, well-cared-for look and keeps it healthy, too. There's no gum, soap, spirit or starch in Brylcreem—and no excessive oiliness—because the oils are emulsified. Give Brylcreem to the heads of your family—it will give them the double benefit of day-long smartness and lasting hair health.

BRYLCREEM — THE PERFECT HAIRDRESSING



Seeing's believing...



Try Macleans and
See how your
teeth whiten
and brighten—

Others have done it—thousands of them.
Here's what one of them said:
"On using your tooth paste, my teeth
looked white the very first day."
That was Miss C. Cullingford. Try Macleans
yourself and you'll see what she meant. The
first thing you'll notice is a clean, refreshing
"tingle" which you get only with Macleans.
That famous "tingle" is a sure sign that
Macleans is quickly at work, making your teeth
whiter and helping to prevent tooth decay.
It's because Macleans is quick and safe that it
has become Britain's biggest selling tooth paste.
Use it to put new sparkle in your smile. Don't
half-clean your teeth—Macleans them... for
a double-bright smile.

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE
makes teeth
WHITER



Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Pat and Mike

METRO's sporting comedy "Pat and Mike" puts Katharine Hepburn into the role of natural athlete Pat Pemberton, with Spencer Tracy as her trainer, Mike Donovan.

A teacher of college gymnastics in the beginning, Pat has the temperamental habit of miffing whatever game she is playing whenever her fiancé (newcomer William Ching) happens to be watching.

So Pat gives up her job, signs a contract with Mike, and under his guidance hits the top in professional golf and tennis. Mike also manages to curb her bossiness.

Katharine wallops golf and tennis balls convincingly and shows a pretty pair of legs in tournaments in which a bevy

of America's top-flight sport stars also appear.

Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin wrote the screenplay and introduce some hilarious characters reminiscent of Damon Runyon's Broadway eccentrics.

Sharp New York sports operator Mike Donovan (Spencer Tracy) is almost pure Runyon, complete with loud suits and the queer lingo spoken by the stratum of Broadway society made famous by Runyon.

Tracy doesn't altogether get away with the part of the brassy gambler, but some of the secondary touts, tinhorns, and mugs, who surround him are wonderfully effective.

Gravel-voiced Aldo Ray (Judy Holliday's film husband in "The Marrying Kind") is a riot as a dumb ring protege of Mike.

In Sydney—St. James.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL—★★★ "On the Riviera," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet. Plus "Canadian Pacific," cine-color Western, starring Randolph Scott, Nancy Olson. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY—★ "I'll Never Forget You," technicolor fantasy, starring Tyrone Power, Ann Blyth, Michael Rennie. Plus "Mickey," musical comedy, starring Lois Butler, Bill Goodwin.

CIVIC—★ "New Mexico," Ansco-color Western, starring Lew Ayres, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus "The Guilty," thriller, starring Bonita Granville, Don Castle. (Re-release.)

EMBASSY—★ "The Clouded Yellow," British thriller, starring Jean Simmons, Trevor Howard, Sonia Dresdel. Plus ★★ "The Magnet," comedy, starring Stephen Murray, Kay Walsh.

LIBERTY—★★ "Scaramouche," technicolor period romance, starring Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Mel Ferrer, Janet Leigh. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—★ "Highly Dangerous," British thriller, starring Margaret Lockwood, Dane Clark, Marius Goring. Plus "Traveller's Joy," comedy, starring John McCallum, Googie Withers, Yolande Donlan.

LYRIC—★★★ "Detective Story," drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, William Bendix. Plus "National Barn Dance," musical comedy, starring Robert Benchley. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR—★ "Clash by Night," drama, starring Paul Douglas, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan, Marilyn Monroe. Plus featurettes.

PALACE—★ "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.," spy drama, starring Frank Lovejoy, Dorothy Hart. Plus "That Way With Women," gangster drama, starring Dane Clark, Martha Vickers. (Re-release.)

PLAZA—★★★ "High Noon," period Western, starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. Plus "One Big Affair," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.

REGENT—★★★ "Five Fingers," spy drama, starring James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES—★★★ "Pat and Mike," comedy, starring Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Aldo Ray. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY—★ "Traffic in Souls," French melodrama with English sub-titles, starring Jules Berry, Jean Pierre Aumont, Kate de Nagy. Plus ★★ "Delightfully Dangerous," musical comedy, starring Jane Powell. (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY—★ "Steel Town," technicolor romantic drama, starring John Lund, Ann Sheridan, Howard Duff. Plus ★★ "Red Ball Express," wartime drama, starring Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol, Judith Braun.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE—★ "Flesh and Blood," suspense drama, starring Richard Todd, Glynis Johns, Joan Greenwood. Plus "Prairie Chickens," Western, starring Noah Berry, jun., Jimmy Rogers.

PARK—★ "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," technicolor musical, starring Virginia Mayo, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson. Plus "Saddle Legion," a Tim Holt Western.

PRINCE EDWARD—★ "Carrie," social drama, starring Sir Laurence Olivier, Jennifer Jones. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY—★ "Cesar," French language comedy-drama, starring Raimu, Pierre Fresnay. Plus featurettes.

STATE—★ "Hotel Sahara," comedy-fantasy, starring Yvonne de Carlo, David Tomlinson. Plus featurettes.

"I know what beautiful nails
can do for a girl..."



Flattering, jewel-tipped fingers add
the final touch of loveliness—build
your morale and your confidence.

CUTEX

completes the fashion picture—
brings new loveliness to your fingertips.

Give yourself new loveliness with
jewel-tipped hands that accent your style
... act as your most treasured fashion
accessory.

You can choose a Cutex color that will
give your fingers glorious lustre all day,
every day ... a color with the merest
flattering glow or a brilliant color that
accents your dress—but always a lovely
color that will go gaily, right through the
day without chipping or peeling.

CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE and
CUTEX PEARL BRILLIANCE

both contain 'Enamelon', the
new miracle ingredient that
lasts and lasts ... resists
chipping and peeling longer
than any polish you have
ever used before.



CUTEX

The manicure that stays
lovelier ... longer



Only



has the Country Club look

NEW-RELEASE PIN CHECKS



ASK FOR N° 300

LOOK FOR THE LABEL



TAILORED BY BUCKWALTER

WITH THE

NEATLINE

COLLAR

STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA



PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

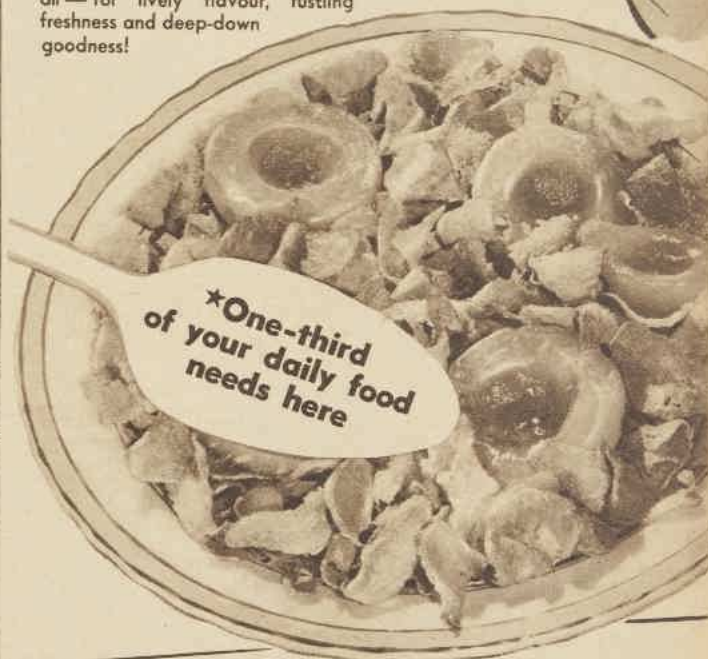
• Famous lawyer Perry Mason is consulted by scientist Dr. Early regarding a new company to manufacture his latest invention. Experiments Inc., owned by Dr. Early, is managed by Roy Adger, who plans to steal blueprints of the invention, framing secretary Sally Dale for the theft. Sally asks Adger to dinner at her flat. Cris Cobb arrives suddenly, and fights Adger. Sally orders Cris to leave.



TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN

LIVELY FLAVOUR

Look at 'em! Compare 'em with any others! They're the biggest, crispest corn flakes ever made! And your bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is the biggest breakfast bargain of all—for lively flavour, rustling freshness and deep-down goodness!



DEEP DOWN GOODNESS

★ Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs.

24 Big Breakfasts in every large packet!

Super value! And think of the money you save when you compare the cost of one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of meat, eggs, fish, bacon, etc. Only 30 seconds to serve — no grillers or pans to wash.

Kellogg's
Mother knows [^] best!



CF 52-1



Spring Flowers bloom in your bedroom!



"Trellis"



"Garland"



Jeldi "Trellis"—design No. 153, in Forget-Me-Not (as illus.), Fendril Green, Blush Pink, Blonde, Cornsilk, Mushroom and Snow White; 1 and double bed sizes.



Jeldi "Garland"—design No. 95, in Champagne (as illus.), Off-White, Rose, Blue, Green, Gold, Mushroom, Beige; also in delicate Pastel Blue, Pastel Green, Pastel Pink; 1 and double bed sizes.

THREE lovely ways to make your bedroom look like Spring all through the year . . . and for many years to come! Flower-sprinkled bedspreads in Jeldi Chenille, the chenille prized above all for its downy softness, its garden-fresh colours . . . the way it grows ever lovelier with washing. See all three, and many other new Jeldi beauties, now at your nearest fine store.



"Bouquet"

Jeldi "Bouquet"—design No. 92, in Pastel Rose (as illus.), Pastel Green, Pastel Blue, Mauve, Beige or Off-White grounds; available in 1 and double bed sizes.



Actually grows lovelier with use!

JELDI MANUFACTURING PTY. LTD.

First to make Chenille in Australia . . . Production centres in

Sydney, Melbourne, Mudgee and Lithgow.

HEADWORK